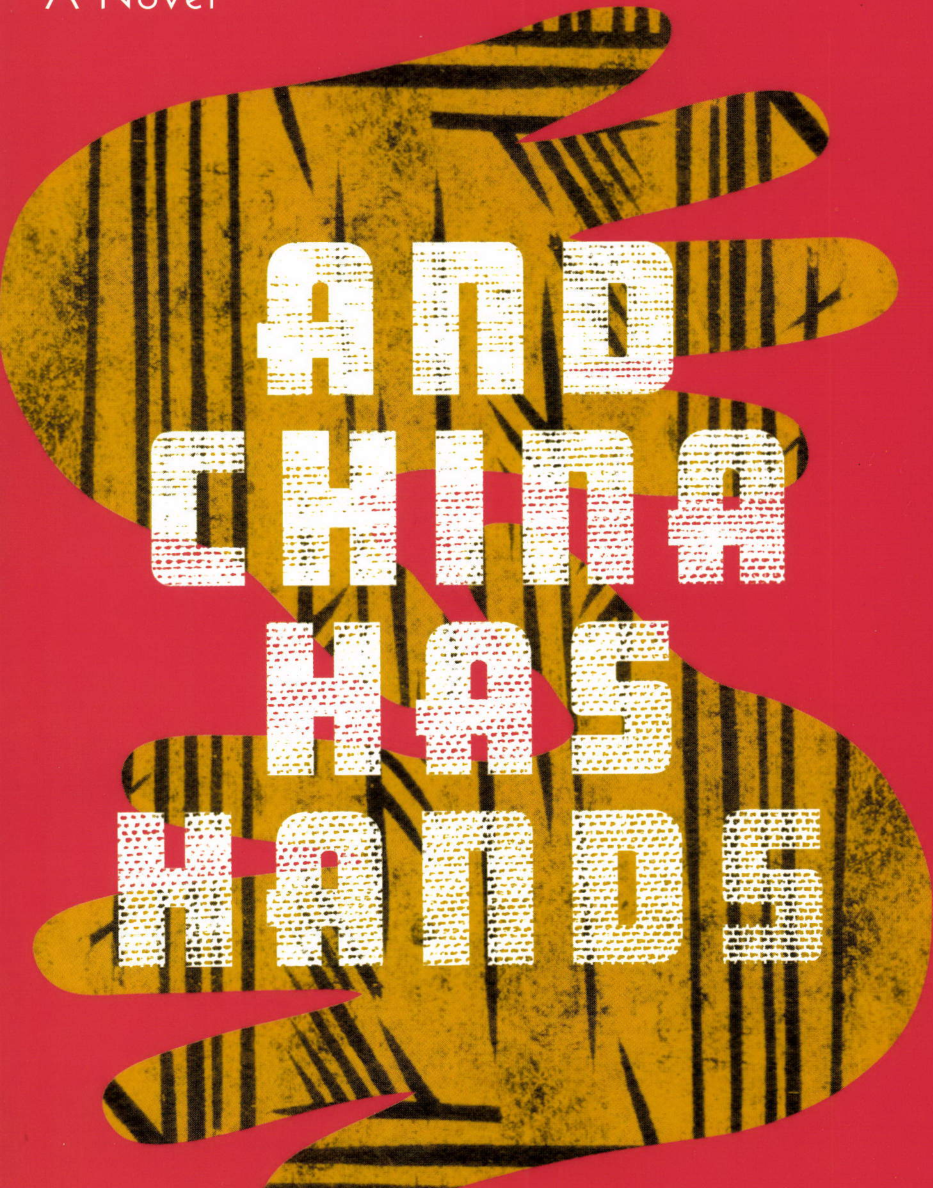
A Novel



AND CHINA HAS HANDS

H.T. Tsiang

AND CHINA HAS HANDS

by H.T. TSIANG

(original dust jacket copy)

About once in a Methuselah's lifetime there turns up a book which warrants the use of a shop-worn adjective—different. *And China Has Hands* is different—refreshingly so! It is quaint as its title. It is naive as a sub-deb, sophisticated as a chorus-girl. It went to press as the author wrote it; not for worlds would we have edited a word or a line. If Mr. Tsiang's artless habit of calling a spade by its given name is a trifle startling at times, we are confident the reader's amusement will compensate him for his sense of shock.

And China Has Hands is the story of a Chinese laundryman in New York, his adventures in business, racketeering, gambling and—love! Quite possibly you have been in the front part of a Chinese laundry; now, with this book, step past the counter and into another world beyond.

Wong Wan-Lee, with his shrewd comments on Occidental customs, is a joy complete and unrefined. So, too, as she flits gracefully through the pages, is the lovely, lissome Pearl Chang.

This is Mr. Tsiang's fourth book. His last, *The Hanging On Union Square*, was a once-read-never-to-be-forgotten item.

Praise For
AND CHINA HAS HANDS

"*And China Has Hands* is wondrous enough as a historical artifact, the first-ever novel of Chinatown strivers published by a Chinese American author. But as you turn its spare, deceptively strange pages, it reveals itself as something more, a shadow tale pitting the unheralded, visionary Tsiang in a one-man war against convention, the melting pot, and an inhospitable publishing world. That Tsiang remains a long-forgotten and singular oddball speaks to our lack of imagination, not his."

— HUA HSU, author of *A Floating Chinaman: Fantasy and Failure Across the Pacific*

"In *And China Has Hands*, H.T. Tsiang reminds us all that the words 'migrant' and 'migration' are not just the topical buzzwords of our 21st century 24-hour news cycle, but rather represent the real lives of immigrants living under exclusion laws, anti-miscegenation laws, and alien land laws—all real legal 'walls' creating a second-class citizenship and preventing full participation in the mainstream of American life. This is a love story between a man and a woman and a man and a country that is full of pain, and hope, and failure, and dreams, and loss, and pride, and patriotism."

— SHAWN WÒNG, author of *American Knees*

"What is important about this novel is the way Tsiang places the action within a global scenario. He defines the function of China in the diasporic and hybrid imagination, and extracts the image of 'China' and the Chinese from the indistinct, massified conglomerate of popular American media. Tsiang makes specific the complex interweaving of national, racial, and diasporic subjectivity in historical terms."

— DAVID PALUMBO-LIU, author of *Asian/American: Historical Crossings of a Racial Frontier*

"Tsiang's groundbreaking novel depicts the coming to consciousness of a Chinese laundry owner who seeks economic security and the love of a biracial heroine, Pearl Chang. Vivid and succinct, *And China Has Hands* conveys the income, costs, workplace, abject work conditions, social isolation, and economic vulnerability of Wong Wan-Lee, a solo Chinese hand laundry operator. With its unique voice, its critique of racial inequality and capitalism, and its clarion call to class struggle, *And China Has Hands* is a worthy American rejoinder to Lao She's classic proletarian novel of 1937, *Rickshaw* (Lo-t'o Hsiang Tzu). Prof. Floyd Cheung's smart, elegant afterword provides a terrific critical, biographical, and historical introduction."

— PATRICIA P. CHU, author of *Assimilating Asians: Gendered Strategies of Authorship in Asian America*

"H.T. Tsiang's refreshingly unconventional *And China Has Hands* brings fresh oxygen to the subject of the multi-ethnic dimensions of 1930s radical literature. Something magical ensues from the beguiling aura of this cross-genre writer who moves among a myriad of styles with magnificent fluidity."

— ALAN M. WALD, author of *American Night: The Literary Left in the Era of the Cold War*

"H.T. Tsiang strategically uses the rise of fascism abroad to articulate a transnational political aesthetic, one that struggles for class-conscious, anti-imperial liberation in his country of origin and a viable space for Asians living in the United States."

— CHRIS VIALS, author of *Realism for the Masses: Aesthetics, Popular Front Pluralism, and U.S. Culture: 1935-1947*

Books by
H.T. TSIANG

POEMS OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION
1929

CHINA RED
(A Novel)
1931

THE HANGING ON UNION SQUARE
(An American Epic)
1935

AND CHINA HAS HANDS
1937

In Preparation:
SHANGHAI – NEW YORK – MOSCOW
(An Odyssey of a Chinese Coolie)

AND CHINA HAS HANDS

AND CHINA

HAS HANDS

H.T. TSIANG

Edited and with an Afterword by
FLOYD CHEUNG

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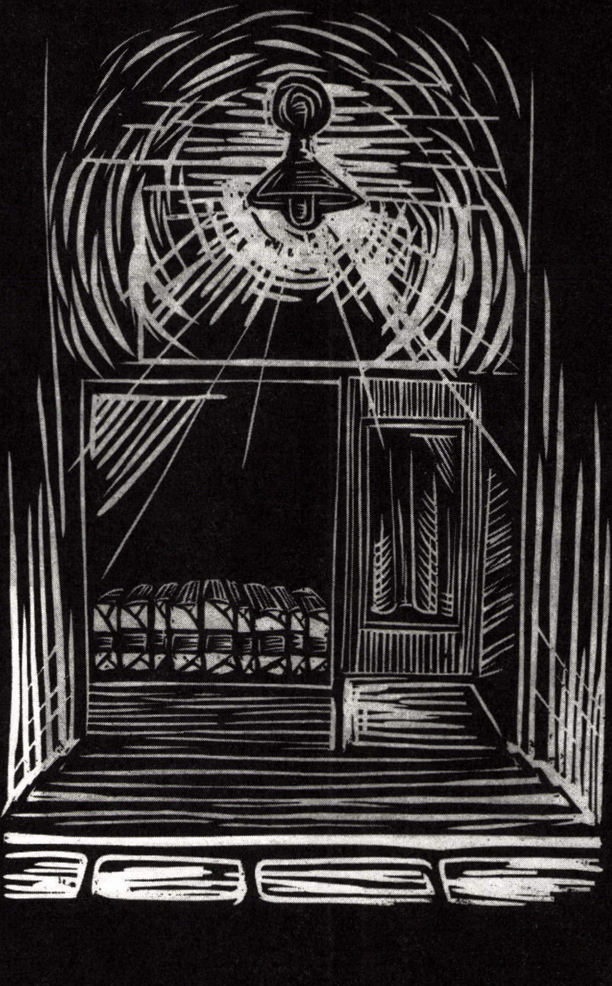

To the Death of the Japanese Empire

whose soldiers are much superior in the art of killing, with casualties in the first four weeks of the undeclared Shanghai war, reported to be ten thousand as against twenty thousand Chinese, by which rate of killing (with their eyes closed to the fact that there might be a revolt of their masses and international conflict with the other Powers, and so forth), when one hundred and twenty million Chinese—little more than one-fourth of the Chinese population—should be killed, there would be sixty million Japanese—the whole Japanese population—killed, and thus no more Japanese left, and thus no more Japanese Empire remaining

This Book Is Mournfully Dedicated

AND CHINA HAS HANDS
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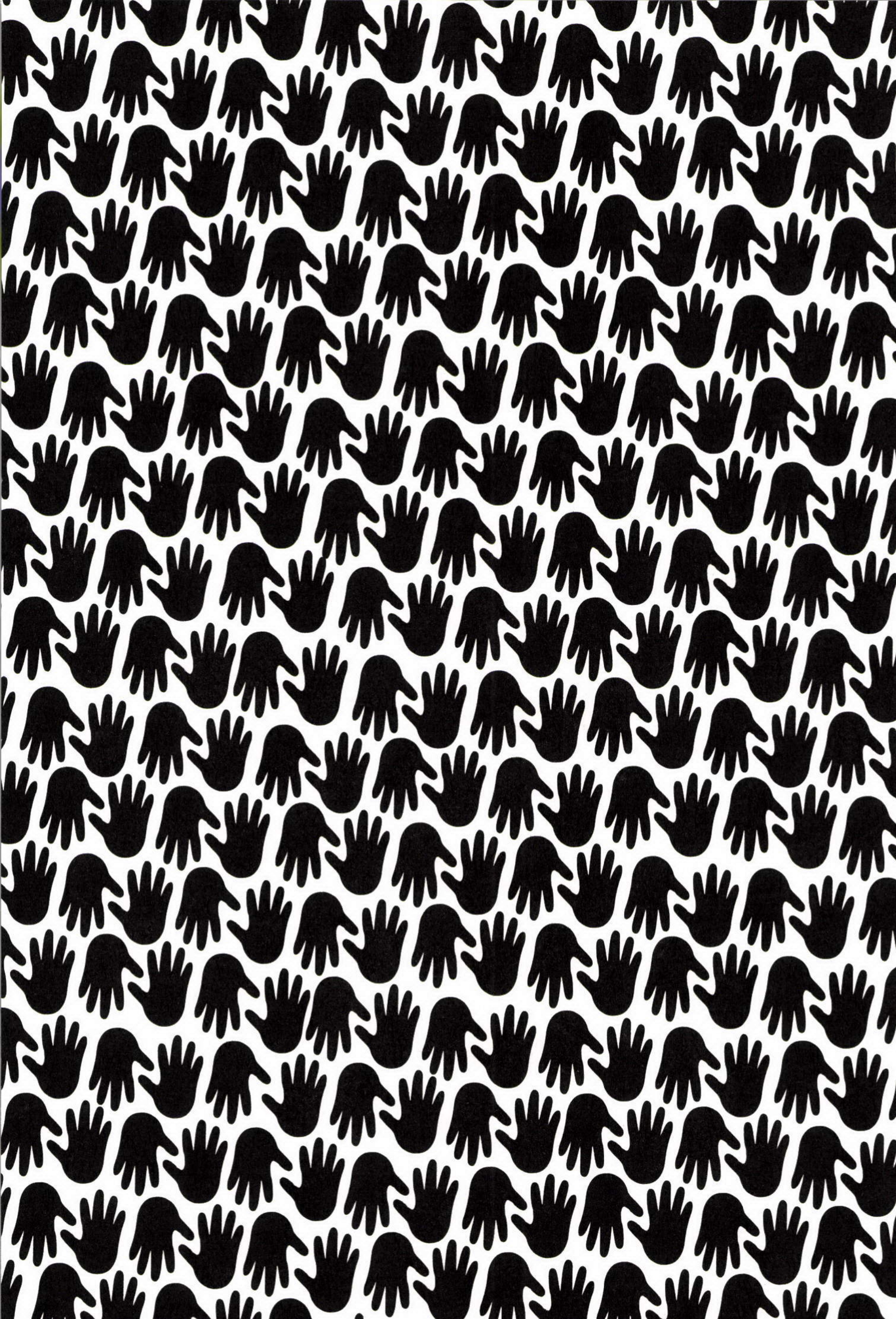
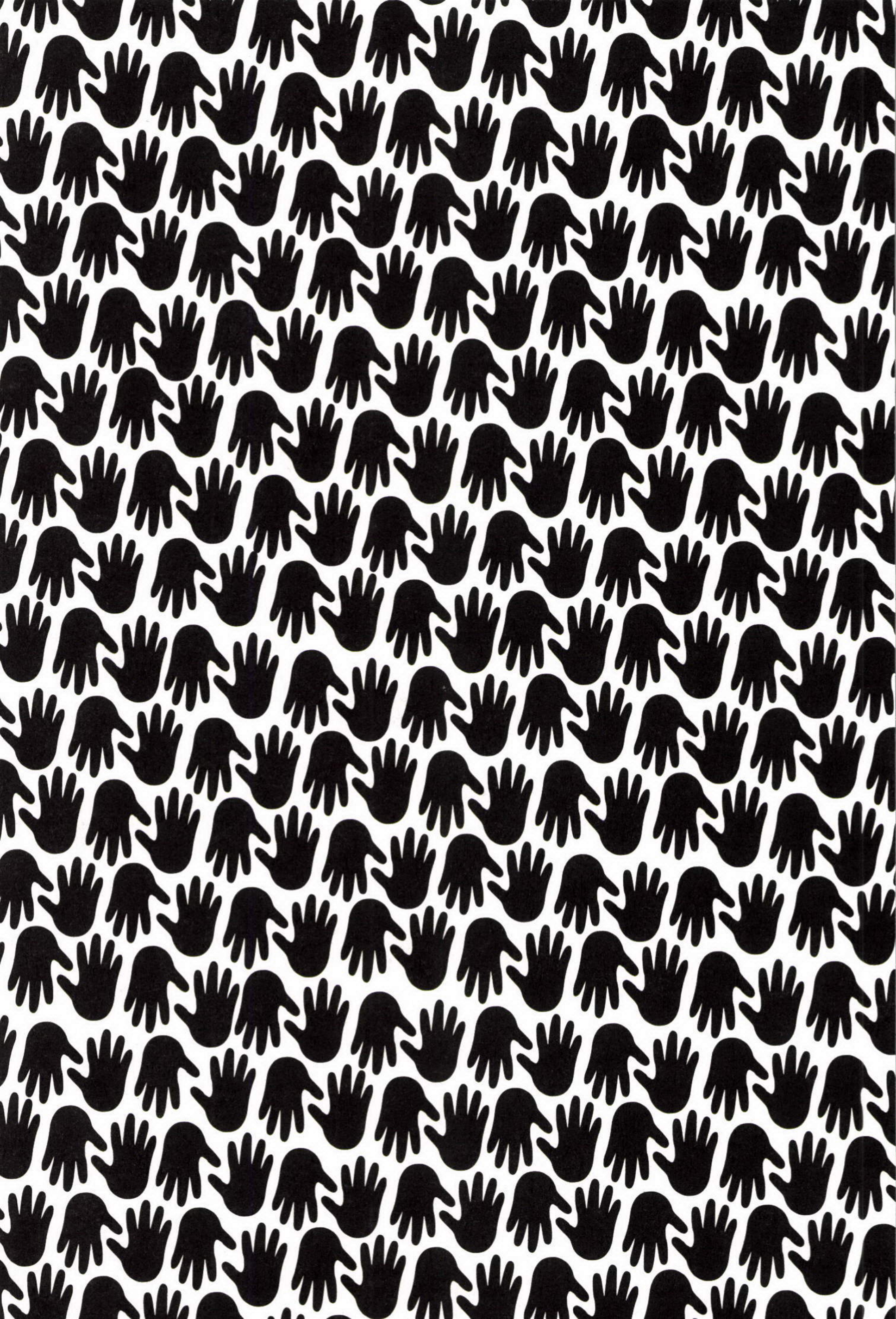




I

Wong Wan-Lee was his full name in Chinese.

But in the Occident, excepting Hungary, the family name goes last, so that, in English, his full name was Wan-Lee Wong.

In Chinese "Wan" means "ten thousand," and "Lee" means "fortune" or "fortunes."

Before he was old enough to go to school, he had his pet name, Ah Mao. The word "Ah" means "little" and the word "Mao" means "cat."

When he was old enough to go to school, his teacher gave him the name Wan-Lee and this became his legal name.

When he was about to leave school, his teacher gave him a literary name, I Pen. The word "I" means "one" and the word "Pen" means "capital" or "investment."

There was a literary connection between this name and his legal name, Wan Lee. There was a Chinese lucky saying: "I Pen Wan Lee!"—"Out of one investment, there will be ten thousand fortunes drawn!"

In China, when one was grown, his friends showed their deference by not calling him by his legal name but only by his literary name.

He was now in America, where very few Chinese obeyed this rule, and so, to these Chinese, he was just Wong Wan-Lee. "Ten thousand fortunes" was his name in Chinese, and ten thousand fortunes was all he intended to make in America.

It had cost Wong Wan-Lee ninety dollars for the passage to America, but two thousand dollars for the other expense.

Why? He never talked of it and no one was supposed to ask him about it.

Since his father had been a citizen of the United States, Wong Wan-Lee was an American citizen through him, although he was born in Canton, China.

On his arrival in America, Wong Wan-Lee had been troubled by the Immigration Officer, and it cost him two thousand dollars to fight the case.

Wong Wan-Lee won, and here he was.

Wong Wan-Lee never talked about this matter with others for he did not want to lose face.

Wong Wan-Lee worked in the restaurant as a waiter.

He worked hard and, worst of all, he felt there were so many bosses.

The customers whom he served were his bosses; they bossed him so much, and at the end they might just walk out, leaving him nothing on the table.

In the kitchen, the cook was his boss; he might throw dishes at him, even if Wong Wan-Lee were in the right. What could a waiter do? It was hard to get a cook but there were plenty of waiters.

Then came the real boss, the manager, who bossed him everywhere, bossed him every minute. He paid Wong Wan-Lee no wages, but he paid him with good advice. "Just smile at the customer," he said. "Everything will be taken care of."

With four hundred dollars, Wong Wan-Lee bought an established laundry from another Chinese laundryman.

If he had wanted to open a new laundry himself he might have had to spend only two hundred dollars for the equipment. But according to the unwritten law among the Chinese in America, one could not open a laundry on the same block where there already was one. And where there wasn't one it was sure to be a lonely spot, and how could he know that there would be enough business?

That two hundred dollars extra assured him that his laundry would have enough business while he was working, and that he would get a good price for it when he was ready to sell.

It was hard work. Long hours. A bare living.

But he thought he could move freely, breathe freely, and there would be no boss to tell him how to move, how to breathe, or when he should and when he should not.

He planned he would some day walk into that very restaurant where he had last worked and have revenge.

He might be asked by the boss to sit at the table which he usually reserved for his friends.

No, he would walk straight into the dining room and sit among the customers, ready to pay his bill any minute. He would politely say, "Hello!" and "How are you?" to the waiter—Butcher Face—whom he hated and who now would have to wait on him: he would order a few expensive dishes in a very leisurely manner.

Then he would ask the waiter to bring him two packages of cigarettes: one for himself and the other for the waiter.

When he finished the dinner, he would leave nothing on the table and go right to the cashier to pay his bill and would hand the remaining change to the cashier and ask him to give it to the waiter; so he would pay one man's tip and two men would know about it.

Then he would buy two fine cigars: one for the cashier and the other he would bring to the cook—Gold Teeth—whom he hated and say to him, "Hello, how are you?" without any sarcasm in his tone.

Then he would have an intimate talk with the dish-washer, a Negro boy, and invite him somewhere to have a good time.

On his way out he would smile a fifty percent smile to the boss and looking straight into his eyes, tell him to go to Heaven.

How happy he would be if there would come that day!

II

Wong Wan-Lee's laundry was located in a basement and there was a stairway of seven steps leading down to it from the street.

Outside the laundry there was a wooden sign about three feet in length and five feet in width. It had a red background with white letters inscribed: "Chinese Hand Laundry."

On top of the sign there was an electric lamp. At night, with the light on, one could see the letters blocks away.

On the window of the laundry there were two words in golden paint: "Yung Sheng."

In Chinese, Yung means "forever," and Sheng means "prosperity."

Attached to the window and the glass of the door there were dark green curtains.

A few feet from the door there was a counter. This counter told customers: "Outside you stay; inside there is a kingdom and there is an emperor, His Majesty, Wong Wan-Lee!"

Under the counter there was a large, long table on which white cloths were spread and tightly nailed, and on this table all the ironing was done.

About three feet from the table were two wooden shelves where Wong Wan-Lee would find your laundry package if you had your ticket with you: "No tickee, no washee!"

In the doorway, between these two wooden shelves, was a curtain. Behind the wooden shelves and the curtain was a drying room.

Behind the drying room was a bedroom.

In front of the wooden shelves and the curtain, the space was open for the public—for business; and behind the shelves and the curtain, privacy reigned.

Wong Wan-Lee had a strange bed which was different from those wooden boards he once used to sleep on.

He didn't buy it. The man who had sold him the laundry had bought it and since Wong Wan- Lee bought the laundry he had the bed along with it.

Before he went to sleep the first night he moved in, he sat on the edge of the bed and the bed sank down. He got up; the bed jumped up. He noticed also that the pillow was funny. It was so big and so soft. It was very different from the little leather box or overturned washing pan he once used to lay his head on.

He studied too the electric light at the head of the bed. The former laundryman had told him it was a reading lamp.

Since there was a reading light, he thought, he had to do some reading before he slept.

He grabbed a Chinese ghost story—*Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio*—and read it.

He fell asleep and he travelled into Hell.

He met devils and he tried to run.

Everything was against him and he could not run.

He tried to shout for help but breath would not come, and he could not shout.

An angel saved him, and he lived with the angel for several years.

One day the angel said to him that she had served her term and was now to leave.

He begged her to stay but the angel suddenly disappeared.

He awoke and found himself in his own room, the reading light still burning and the black cat sleeping soundly on his feet.

He was perspiring and he felt as if his bones were dislocated, and his back hurt.

He noticed that he had slept face upward and his hands were placed upon his chest; he had sunk right in the center of the bed with legs stretched out like two sticks.

He complained to himself that the fellow who had sold him this laundry must have gypped him and that this bed was an evil bed and the laundry must be an evil place.

He spread papers on the floor, took the blankets from the bed and covered himself up. He was now going to sleep on the ghostless bed.

That was not enough; he got up and used a Chinese brush to write a few words on a piece of yellow paper which he placed on his breast and he thought that now he was further protected.

It was only three in the morning and there were four hours to go yet.

He wanted to smoke but the cigarette package was empty.

He searched all over the house and he could not find a cigarette. At last he found a cigarette butt; it was only about half an inch long. He picked it up, put it between his lips and lit it. Smoking with care, he inhaled deeply. Then with his eyes half closed, he saw the smoke flow out from his nostrils and its rings spread from small ones to big ones and from big ones to bigger ones and from bigger ones to the biggest and from the biggest to nothing.

Among those silver rings he stared as if he saw the angel appear again and she said to him:

"My dear Wong Wan-Lee, descendant of Huang Ti, the great-great-grandson of the Han Dynasty, the great-grandson of the T'ang Dynasty, the grandson of the Sung Dynasty and the son of the Ming Dynasty: Now you are exiled in a savage land and living among uncivilized devils. You are destined to meet many persecutions. But whenever troubles come to you, I will be with you and take you to safety. Not until the day that I dress in red will you be saved forever. You and I will then live happily together!"

At seven in the morning, the alarm clock rang. Wong Wan-Lee opened his eyes. It was winter and the sky was still dark.

He ignored the ringing, turned around and tried to have just a few more minutes of sleep.

The alarm clock rang again.

He ignored the ringing, turned around and tried to have a few more *seconds* of sleep.

Some one was knocking at the door and calling: "Laundry!" Now he had to get up to attend to the caller.

When he came back to the inner room he lit the stove and made himself a pot of tea and had a few pieces of cake for his breakfast.

While he was eating he had all the gas jets on the stove burning to make the drying room warm.

He took the wet-wash out of the bags and hung it on the strings.

Then he closed the door and came to the outer room to read the morning paper.

Wong Wan-Lee looked over the big letters—special news from China, and it was all bad news (Winter, 1936).

Then he read the local news, either about his native province or about his village, and this made him homesick.

He had another cup of tea.

People came to leave their clothes to be washed and a few came to take their washed things.

There were quite a few who asked him about the former laundryman and he always replied with the same answer: "My cousin will be back soon."

About three hours later the clothes were dry and Wong Wan-Lee took them down from the strings and carried them to the outer room for ironing.

The clothes were dry as pieces of bamboo and he used a spray, made of rubber, to sprinkle some water upon them.

Noon came. He cooked and ate his lunch.

He put some water into the pot where some burned rice remained and he had what he called his Chinese coffee.

After lunch, he put a sign on the door reading: "Will be back in five minutes," and had a nap.

In ten or fifteen minutes, he got up and started to work again.

He used an ironing machine to work on the collar of a shirt but he had to work on the rest by hand.

It took long hours to have all the shirts done.

His hand was not a machine, but he had to move his hand as fast as a machine.

Late at night he packed up the clean things and put the packages on the shelves according to numbers. Then he put the soiled things into bags ready for the wet-wash man.

Pulling the curtains down and putting out the light of the outer room, he retired to the back room, washed, cooked, ate and slept.

Day in and day out, year in and year out, that is the life of a Chinese laundryman, and Wong Wan-Lee was one of them, and this was his first day.

There came a holiday; to Wong Wan-Lee it was no holiday; his work must be done.

To the school kids it was; they were very much in a holiday mood.

"Where is your pigtail?" yelled the boys in front of his laundry. "Chin, Chin, Chinaman!"

Wong Wan-Lee kept on ironing and paid them no attention.

The boys yelled louder and threw pebbles at the window of the laundry.

Wong Wan-Lee stopped the work and came out of the laundry.

The boys ran to the corner but they yelled again: "Where is your pigtail? Chin, Chin, Chinaman!"

Wong Wan-Lee closed his lips tightly, lifted his lower jaw; he clenched his teeth together. And in silence, he cursed.

"Where is your pigtail?" they yelled again. "Chin, Chin, Chinaman!"

Wong Wan-Lee looked to the east. Wong Wan-Lee looked to the west. He scratched his head, thinking.

Yes, he had an idea.

Suddenly he bent his knees and lowered his body. He raised his right hand and stamped his feet on the sidewalk. He intended to frighten the boys away. He had used this method to chase away the barking dogs when he was in his Chinese village.

But these city boys in America were smarter than the dogs of a Chinese village and they were not in the least afraid of him and they yelled again: "Where is your pigtail Chin, Chin. Chinaman!"

Wong Wan-Lee looked to the east. Wong Wan-Lee looked to the west. He scratched his head, thinking.

Yes, he had an idea. He went into the laundry.

Again he came out. He bent his knees and lowered his body. He raised his right hand. Suddenly, he threw objects out of his hand. These objects flew through the air and then dropped on the cement pavement with a dull sound.

The boys fought one another to catch them and they had their eyes hit and their faces scratched.

Wong Wan-Lee laughed merrily and yelled back: "You savvy!"

They held the brown balls in their hands, and they didn't know what they were or how they could use them.

"It's opium," said one, "the Chinaman is trying to use poison to kill us!"

"What the hell," said the other, "the color of the shell is okay. Let's take a chance!" The boy put one in his mouth and chewed it.

It hurt his teeth and he spat it out into his hands. In the brown shell there was a black, oily, soft thing.

He smelled it and it was nice.

He then took off the shell and took a small bite; it was soft.

He chewed it again and it made a little sound.

He tasted it and it was sweet.

It tasted entirely different from any fruit he had ever tasted.

He ate it all.

The other boys ate theirs and they all agreed it was delicious.

"We want more nuts!" they shouted again. "Chin, Chin, Chinaman!" And they shouted without stopping.

"What are all you kids doing?" asked a smartly dressed Chinese girl who passed by. "Don't think you are so wise! Do you think you can put something over on one of my fellow-countrymen? I was born right in this country and I'm not afraid of nobody! You rascals, I'll call the cop or I may break your neck myself."

She was resting her hands on her hips with head held back and her black eyes wide open.

The kids heard her smart English and saw her terrible look and they understood that she was not fooling.

Suddenly they grew quiet and slid away.

Wong Wan-Lee was so much obliged to her and yet he didn't know what to say to her. He looked at her with bashful eyes.

"Pearl Chang is my name, I'm Chinese and although I cannot read Chinese, I can speak it fairly well. I'm no Japanese. Don't be suspicious."

Wong Wan-Lee was bashful, not suspicious.

"Oh, Chang Ku-Niang (Miss Chang), your name is one of honor and grace. I offer you thousands and thousands of heartfelt thanks for what you have just done for me," complimented Wong Wan-Lee.

"Don't mention it. You are very welcome!" replied Pearl Chang while attempting to shake his hand.

Wong Wan-Lee was further embarrassed and didn't know what to do or what to say. To shake hands even with a man is not Chinese.

"I know that you had trouble with those kids but I'm still in a fog as to what the trouble was," said Pearl Chang.

"They called me names and I threw Lee Chee nuts at them. I thought when they were busy eating they would not have time to call me names and when they liked the nuts they would not have the heart to treat me as they did," answered Wong Wan-Lee.

"You are not an American. When they call you names, you lose nothing. If you throw away nuts just like that, you will never become rich. With one penny you could start a savings account and draw interest from it."

"Never mind the few cents. I'm rich. The Chinese ambassador in Washington feeds those old savages at big feasts to make friends for China; I, Ambassador Wong Wan-Lee, here in the laundry feed these little savages with Lee Chee nuts, and these little savages will become my messengers and carry my messages to their old savages, and their old savages will become my customers by and by."

"You're a damned clever Chinaman!" complimented Pearl Chang now in English.

"Me no Chinaman. Me, Chun Kou Ren—man of the Middle Kingdom," said Wong Wan-Lee in pidgin English.

"Would you honor me by permitting me to invite you beneath my humble roof?" asked Wong Wan-Lee.

"I'm awfully sorry but I have a date at five and I have to beat it."

"I'm a thousand and ten thousand fold regretful," Wong Wan-Lee proclaimed.

"So glad to have met you. So long! See you again!"

The "angel" was gone!

III

Pearl Chang came from the south of the United States.

In the South, the Chinese are engaged mostly in the grocery business.

In such a business there is more chance to make money than in being a waiter in a restaurant or in running a laundry, as most Chinese do in the North.

Since the Chinese in the South have money, they get married. When they get married, they produce children. When they produce children, they produce the male and they produce the female as well.

Therefore, there is no girl scarcity among the Chinese in the South as is the case in the North.

Pearl Chang was of mixed blood. Her father was Mr. Chang Chung-Li and her mother was a Negress.

In the South, Negroes are not allowed to ride in the same street-car with Whites, but Chinese are. Black children are not allowed to go to school with white children, but Chinese children are.

If a conductor sees a Chinese in the black men's section, the Chinese is put with the white men.

Because of these things, some Chinese think they are better than black men.

Pearl Chang was every inch a Chinese.

The trouble, it seemed to her, was that she had curly hair. When she went out she had to use a large hat to cover the hair up.

The second trouble was that she had heavy lips. She had to use lipstick and dark powder to make them look smaller.

In spite of her skillful make-up she had frequently met the same persecution as other Negresses had met. So Pearl Chang packed up and came to New York City.

To make her living, Pearl Chang posed in an art school.

When she had considered making a living this way, she had thought: Be a model? Take all the clothes off her body and let men stare at her for hours? Who could tell on what part they would look? And they might be looking just for the sake of looking and for nothing else. Would there be no evil in their minds? If it was nothing else but "looking," why should there be a naked body and why every part of the body?

The so-called artists, most of them, were young and queer-looking; would they be interested in what they were supposed to be doing and nothing else? Would they not be moved by the flesh and the curve and the fleshly atmosphere? Were they not human? And if they were not human, then how could they become artists? And if they were artists they must be human; then how could a girl, a Chinese girl, with nothing on her body, let the foreign devils look and meditate?

There were things that could be bought with money, but not things like this. There were people who could be bought with money, but not Pearl Chang! Not only her own reputation but that of her race was involved. Not only her fellow-countrymen in this country, and the four hundred millions in China above the ground, but also the millions and billions under the ground, as well as the billions and billions of the future generations who are now in Heaven waiting for the opportunity to come to this earth.

However, Pearl Chang was urged and begged by the school; for they earnestly desired a Chinese girl, so finally it was agreed that she just sit in an embroidered Chinese costume, and all other things would be as usual.

So she posed.

And to her great surprise, she found out that those evil-minded artists seemed more interested in what was going on on the canvas than in looking at her. In the corner of the large room where she posed, there were many white girls, really with nothing on; and she found that neither these girls nor these evil-minded young fellows were getting excited. And because of this, she became ashamed of herself for her unnecessary worries and hesitation before she had agreed to pose.

When she had been in high school, the white girls very often had asked her, speaking of her sex, "Which way does it go?" Now she took a look at the white girls, naked. She nodded her head and said to herself: "The same way!"

In the cafeteria of the Art School where she had posed, she met a Chinese fellow who was trying to sell his own book and so she found out that this fellow was a writer, an interesting fact, for he was the first Chinese man that she had ever met, as there were no Chinese men in the section where she had come from except her own father.

The first time they went out the fellow had only four pennies.

They went to the park.

Since he was a Writer, Pearl Chang asked the fellow to say something nice about her. He then wrote four lines on a piece of paper:

"Slowly they walked through the park,
It was not light and it was not dark.
Slowly they walked through the dark,
It was not light and it was a park."

She looked and looked at the writing and she could not find one word saying anything nice about her eyes or about her lips. She was furious.

If the fellow didn't think that she was good enough for him to write about, how was she going to be able to be a movie star?

The fellow talked to her about himself a lot:

"My first novel, *China Red*, has been endorsed in the Soviet Union as 'a valuable miniature of a great movement and the voice of a new China approaching,' but the fakers here in America condemned it with '...we should not be attracted by its fascinating title and the seeming sympathy of the author.' . . ."

Pearl Chang was puzzled.

The fellow continued:

"I kept quiet and had my second novel, *The Hanging on Union Square*, published. It was first praised as 'an interesting experimental novel about the unemployed. Perhaps the first novel with a proletarian theme written in expressionistic technique'.

"Then the fakers suddenly changed their minds and condemned the book with 'he is not much of a writer and his chief literary influence is the decadent Gertrude Stein.'..."

Pearl Chang was further puzzled.

The fellow again told her how in spite of the crookedness of those fakers he had succeeded in publishing his works and distributing sixteen thousand copies, and how he, as a proletarian writer, was proud to publish and to sell his own books.

Pearl Chang chuckled, for she could not see what was the difference between a man who sold his own books and one who peddled chewing gum and cigarettes in front of a theatre.

The fellow talked about the next book that he was going to write and how when his new book should be published by a publisher, his previous works would be put again on the market, on a bigger scale.

Pearl Chang was very disappointed for she thought that the more the fellow talked about his book the more chance there was for him to succeed and the less chance for her.

However, partly to satisfy her curiosity and partly to make a costless investment, she asked the fellow to put his John Hancock in her souvenir book.

The fellow obliged her.

After a long walk, they seated themselves on a park bench.

While they were sitting on the bench, under a dim light, every passer-by looked at them curiously.

"For heaven's sake," complained Pearl Chang. "Now you are the center of curiosity. Why didn't you have a haircut before you came to see me? It is a humiliation to me as an individual and a disgrace to China as a nation!"

"No, no, you are the center of attraction! They seldom see a Chinese girl and they must think that you are one of the prettiest girls around. Congratulations!"

Pearl Chang suddenly laughed, and laughed because she thought that she would certainly be a movie star.

The fellow talked "ism" after "ism," "fight" after fight." It seemed to Pearl Chang that he had not the least Chinese flavor.

Wong Wan-Lee was the second Chinese man that Pearl Chang had met.

On that first afternoon, Pearl Chang saw that Wong Wan-Lee wore a pair of flat Chinese shoes, made of black satin, and a watermelon cap which had no red button on its top. Under a short black silk jacket he wore black trousers. Oh, he was so cute, the way he ran around and the way he argued with the white kids!

Thinking of the man made her think of the place in which he lived.

She didn't walk into his laundry but she did have a careful look at its outside and a determined peeking through the window at its inside.

It was just like a little Buddhist temple filled with calm and solitude and she felt that she could still smell the perfume of the burning incense which was wafted by the mild wind from a jade incense-burner that lay on the counter.

She felt then that she must also have heard bells ringing and drums beating—to chase away the devils from within and without "the temple."

And those mysterious marks on each package on the wooden shelves, she thought, must denote holy medicine for which devils came each week for peace and health.

What she could not understand was why this laundryman cut off his pigtail, so that he looked like most Americans. Would it not be nice if he kept his pigtail, as she saw all her countrymen with pigtails in the movies? If he had, then when those kids had come for Lee Chee nuts, he could just have whipped them with the pigtail and certainly they would have fled like dogs, and there would have been no need for her to help.

She had seen things about China in the movies and read things about China in novels. She had heard things about China from her white teachers and white schoolmates. She had a general idea of how a Chinaman looked. But she felt she would learn more if she could have a chance to see a Chinaman herself, with her own eyes, and to feel one with her own hands. That would be something original.

Oh, Gee, swell!

IV

Pearl Chang must be the angel, Wong Wan-Lee thought, whom he had met in his dream the first night after he had moved into his laundry.

Wong Wan-Lee had hoped that Pearl Chang would come to his laundry, but on second thought, he was glad Pearl Chang had not come, for how could he receive a friend like her in his humble laundry.

"See you again!" was the promise she had made and certainly she would come, Wong Wan-Lee thought.

What could he do now?

He'd keep his laundry nice and clean so he would be proud to show it to any of his friends!

Before he started to work, he swept the place and cleaned the walls with a wet towel. He then washed the window-panes inside and out.

He proceeded to decorate the outer room, which was his office, workshop and library.

In the center of the wall he hung a galloping horse painted by Chao Sung-Shua. It was a reproduction, but he thought he had a horse anyhow.

He chose this painting because he liked the idea of galloping. He would certainly, some day, learn aviation, and then he would gallop with wings.

Along both sides of the painting he hung two scrolls.

On each scroll there was a wise Chinese saying. One said: "He who is quiet may sense the genuine flavor of things." The other said: "He who can eat the bitterness of the bitter may put himself above others."

With the spirit of the painting and the writing put together he could acquire the secrets of the universe! The spirit of the horse was positive—Yang, male—and the spirit of the scrolls was passive—Yin, female. According to The Book of Changes, the combination of "Yin", female, and "Yang", male, becomes "Tao"—the Truth—the Way.

He bought a folding table, a few chairs, a sofa, a bunch of flowers and a new set of tea-cups.

He also bought various kinds of Chinese sweets: almond cakes, rice cakes, peanut candy, Lee Chee nuts, preserved mixed fruits, golden limes and ginger syrup.

Wong Wan-Lee was working in his laundry.

While he was working, he was thinking of Pearl Chang.

One day, a well dressed Chinese came to his laundry, carrying a little handbag.

"Have you eaten?" he greeted Wong Wan-Lee in the Chinese way.

The weather was cold and this man thought that it would be nice for Wong Wan-Lee to have a good, warm overcoat.

"Talking about overcoats, there are so many things to be considered:" he said. "First, the material—"

If it were too thin, the man went on, it wouldn't be warm enough, and New York was terrible in the winter. A heavy overcoat would naturally be warmer. But it might be too heavy for one to wear and would look as if it were a heavy load to carry. That, too, would be dreadful. There was a certain material which was light and yet warm, roomy and so easy to wear.

"Second, there is style!"

It was unfortunate, the salesman continued, being a Chinese in this country. It was simply terrible! No matter how much money you had you could not change your face, but with money you could change your manner. The overcoat was the very thing to show outsiders what you were and what you had in your pocket and what you had in your head.

"Third," the salesman said, "the trademark."

Style was an easy matter. What if one tailor did copy a style from another and make a coat just like another? Those few words on the little piece of ribbon which was attached to the inside of the coat right underneath the collar, called the trademark, meant that nobody could steal another man's name. And a name was worth money.

"We have coats that are exclusive in pattern and style," the salesman concluded his spiel.

"But I have no money," said Wong Wan-Lee.

"It's about forty dollars—no, it's *only* forty dollars."

The man had changed the word "about" to "only."

"Five dollars down, one dollar a week," he added. "If you paid forty dollars at one time it would be forty dollars, but if you paid one dollar a week, it would be nothing."

The man then touched his own overcoat and said to Wong Wan-Lee, "As good a coat as this for only one dollar!"

While Wong Wan-Lee listened he told himself that it was indeed a good overcoat.

"Forty dollars!" he thought. At ten cents a shirt, he would have to iron four hundred shirts to pay for the overcoat. Three cents for a pair of socks would mean washing a thousand, three hundred and thirty-three pairs of socks! And what a smell all those socks would make...

"By and by, next time!" answered Wong Wan-Lee.

The man smiled a little but didn't say anything.

With one hand holding the door knob he seemed ready to walk out.

"If you happened to have a girl friend," remarked the man, "you might need a nice overcoat. It would help a great deal."

Now an idea struck Wong Wan-Lee. He stopped the man and asked to look at his samples.

The man opened his handbag and showed Wong Wan-Lee the samples of material. He also showed him a book of all the styles.

Wong Wan-Lee looked at one piece after the other. He felt that any color was as good as any other. He looked at the photos and felt that one style was as good as another.

He could not make up his mind.

The man again remarked that he might choose a style and pattern exactly like the coat he himself wore. He was in this line, he said, and so he should know best.

The man then drew a rolled tape-measure from his bag and took the necessary measurements, writing them all down.

He took Wong Wan-Lee's deposit.

"What do you think of me, a salesman?" the man said. "If I knew how to speak Japanese, I would have gone back to China a long time ago. I learned Russian in nineteen-twenty-five and six. Now I have to look for a new boss!"

This Chinese gentleman was an M.A. (Columbia University) and a candidate for a Ph.D.

Pearl Chang didn't come.

Wong Wan-Lee was working in his laundry.

While he was working, he was thinking of Pearl Chang.

One day, a lady came in while he was in the back room.

"Hello, where are you?" Wong Wan-Lee heard the words.

It was a woman's voice and it sounded like Pearl Chang's.

It must be!

"Just a minute," he answered from inside.

He took off his straw slippers and put on his ten dollar leather shoes.

He faced the mirror to put on his tie.

Then he combed his hair with plenty of oil.

"I am coming," he yelled.

Wetting a towel with hot water, he moistened his chin, soaped it a bit and shaved.

He was in such a hurry that he forgot to put in the blade and he couldn't shave.

Then, having put in the blade, he was in such a hurry that he cut his chin; the wound bled freely.

He wiped the blood off his chin and put on powder to cover up the mark.

Then he put on a leather jacket, as if he had just come back from the flying-field.

He faced the mirror again and made sure that he was looking his best.

Ah! Ah! Wong Wan-Lee was going to receive his girl friend, Pearl Chang.

Wong Wan-Lee came out of the bed room and passed the drying room and lifted up the curtain and then he saw . . .

A woman . . .

She was beautiful: The eyes! The lips! The mouth! Everything!

But . . .

She was not Pearl Chang.

She was nobody!

Wong Wan-Lee suddenly lost his enthusiasm and assuming a commonplace expression, said, "Good morning, madam!"

"Don't be so dignified! Can't you remember me?" the lady asked.

"Me no see you before!" Wong Wan-Lee replied.

"I guess I've made a mistake. Well, anyway, how are you? You know..." the lady said.

"Fine, thanks!" replied Wong Wan-Lee.

"How is business?" the lady asked him.

"All right!"

"If business is good, why can't you have a good time?" inquired the lady.

"I have good business, I have good time! Anything to sell?" Wong Wan-Lee asked.

"Sure!" replied the lady.

"Let me see!" Wong Wan-Lee said.

"Be snappy, I'm working for a syndicate and I can't afford to waste too much time on one customer," replied the lady.

"No see, no buy!" said Wong Wan-Lee, innocently.

"What? Do you mean . . ." asked the lady.

"No can do," answered Wong Wan-Lee firmly.

"You poor little thing," said the lady. "You better do it now, or you may get so you can't do it. It's a great thing to see God once in a while."

"Some other time."

"By and by you may die," pressed the lady.

"No see, no buy!" Wong Wan-Lee repeated, "Perfume? Picture? Handkerchief?"

"I sell no perfume or pictures. I am the perfume. I am the picture! I am selling you the tonic."

"Leave your tonic, I pay," replied Wong Wan-Lee.

"Good Heaven, can't you understand English?"

asked the lady.

"It is hard! It is so different from Chinese," said Wong Wan-Lee.

"What I'm selling you is the same in any language," she said. "For heaven's sake, do you want 'Diu Hah'?"

Now Wong Wan-Lee knew what she had meant and he answered, "No!" He resumed his ironing.

"I know you may like a Chinese girl, but your native dish is expensive. Five dollars! Me, only one dollar!"

Wong Wan-Lee kept on ironing and made no answer.

"Say, I'm different from any you have met. I'll give you a real, good service. While I serve you, I'll smoke no cigarettes, eat no apples and read no papers!"

Wong Wan-Lee made no answer.

"If you give me a dollar, I will give you service and if you give me a tip, I will give you love."

Wong Wan-Lee made no answer.

"Say, you ain't scared, are you? Don't worry about that, either. Our company is fixed up from top to bottom. Oh, the company is rich, doing a business of twelve million dollars a year. What do you say?"

Wong Wan-Lee made no answer.

"Why don't you read a tabloid to get yourself educated! Then you wouldn't be so dumb."

The lady lost hope and went away cursing.

When the door closed, Wong Wan-Lee followed her out softly. He craned his neck to see what she would do. He saw her get into a car with a man at the wheel, waiting down the block. There was also another woman in the back seat and Wong Wan-Lee decided this woman must be her manager.

By acting dumb, he had made sure of saving his dollar.

At a dollar a piece, Wong Wan-Lee thought, the lady would have to work with as many customers as he ironed shirts. It looked as though she had to make a livelihood for three persons, support an automobile, and leave something over for the company.

Pearl Chang didn't come.

Wong Wan-Lee was working in his laundry.

While he was working, he was thinking of Pearl Chang.

One day, an old Chinese who carried a bamboo basket came in.

His head, when he took off his cap, was bald and perspiring.

He put the bamboo basket on the counter and asked Wong Wan-Lee to choose a purchase from it.

He had no teeth and Wong Wan-Lee could hardly hear him. He breathed with difficulty, as though he had walked a long way without stopping.

Wong Wan-Lee lifted the cover and saw vegetables, bean curds and Chinese roast pork.

The vegetables were green and just to look at them made your mouth water.

The bean curds were square in shape and as soft as meat without bones.

The roast pork was red in color, and when you smelled it, you said to yourself: "I must have it."

Wong Wan-Lee noticed that the old man was very clean; so he bought some things.

The old man seemed very happy that he had made a few cents.

Wong Wan-Lee invited him to come inside the counter and have a cup of tea. The old man did so.

The cup of hot tea made him feel at home and he began to tell Wong Wan-Lee some stories.

He said that as a young boy in China he was told that America was full of gold and one could pick as much as he liked.

He came over.

He had his queue on. Many Americans laughed at him, yet he dared not cut it off, for if he did he would have his head cut off as a revolutionist by the Manchu Emperor when he went back to China.

He had worked in a gold mine and he had worked building a railroad, been a gandy dancer.

He worked hard, but he didn't save any money. Yes, he did make something, but he didn't know where all his money went.

He intended to learn English so he could go to school to learn a trade, and then go back to China to make a better living and to marry his fiancée.

Oh, English was so hard and it had no connection with Chinese at all. He gave up his hope and he just took to work.

As the years went by, his hair turned from black to gray and from gray to white. And from a white-haired old man he turned to a bald-headed old man.

He had cousins and friends who had died in the mines and on the railroad tracks. Poor as he was, he burned incense and paper money for them every Chinese New Year's eve. But he could not know who would burn incense and paper money for him after his death.

He had known Dr. Sun Yat-Sen when he was in San Francisco. Dr. Sun had slept in his apartment.

At that time no one knew that Dr. Sun Yat-Sen would be the father of the Chinese Republic, and when he had spoken in Chinatown, San Francisco, the Chinese had thrown bricks and rotten apples at him.

As he was over seventy now, the old man continued, he knew he was going to die before very long. But he had no money and knew certainly he would be picked up by the hospital and his body would be cut to pieces, and after it had proven useful, might even be thrown to the pigs.

It was sad for him, he said, but was worse for his fiancée, who had waited and waited and she had waited for nothing.

Of course she was dead now, the old man said.

He was sorry that he had not gone back to China with Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, then, and become a revolutionist. Had he died as a revolutionist, he would have been remembered as a hero forever.

"Beware, while you are still young!" he warned Wong Wan-Lee. "America is an evil land and once you sink in you can never get out."

"Beware, while you are still young!" he warned Wong Wan-Lee again. "Don't let the destiny that was mine be a shadow of your own!"

Wong Wan-Lee had been moved a great deal by the story of this old man. He poured him another cup of tea and he bought almost everything from him.

Pearl Chang didn't come.

It was four weeks since Wong Wan-Lee had seen her last. If he knew where she lived, he might send her a letter to ask her to come or to ask if he could pay her a visit.

No, he would be too bashful to write to her or to pay her a visit, even if he knew her address. He just kept thinking.

He kept thinking of those things until he realized that it was again lunch time.

It took a long time to cook rice so he started this first.

He took a bowl of raw rice enough for two bowls of cooked rice and put it into a pot.

He washed the rice with his hands and he washed it till the water was clear, then he put the pot on the fire.

When the water boiled and its steam pushed the cover off the pot he used chopsticks to stir the rice thoroughly. By replenishing the water, it remained just about half an inch above the rice.

Then he put the cover on the pot and used a very small fire to heat it till he could smell the rice's perfume. Then he knew it was done.

For most Chinese, the rice would now be ready to eat. But not so for Wong Wan-Lee.

He made the flame a little stronger and left it that way just long enough to brown the rice on the bottom of the pan.

He stirred again the rice with the chopsticks, so that the rice grains would not lump together.

This stirring also mixed the burned rice with the white grains, which were soft and sweet. The brown ones tasted first like bitter tea and then like chocolate. They were very crisp and when chewed sounded like the crunch of Chow Mein.

He was too lazy to cook any vegetables this time and so he just took a few things from the ice-box.

He ate.

While he ate, he kept thinking.

He was thinking of his business.

He was thinking of Pearl Chang.

It was nothing in particular, and he was just thinking.

While he was thinking he noticed he had half-emptied his rice bowl. He was eating rice only and he didn't touch any of the cold dishes.

The cat was waiting for him. The cat was hungry.

The cat must eat, otherwise how could she stay fat and keep her black fur coat oily?

He went into the inner room and took a handful of dry shrimps and threw them on the floor.

One piece,

Two pieces,

Three pieces...

And he threw all the dry shrimps away and the cat ate them all.

Did Pearl Chang eat with him?

No!

V

Pearl Chang had first lived in a rooming house and then moved into an apartment and shared it with her girl friend.

The apartment where Pearl Chang lived had one bed room, a living room, a bath and a kitchenette.

The kitchenette was in the living room but when its door was closed the cooking utensils and unwashed dishes could not be seen.

Pearl Chang occupied the bedroom, and her friend the living room.

In the bedroom, beside a small bed, there was a small table on which there was a photo of a famous movie star.

In the living room there was a studio couch. At night when unfolded it was as comfortable as a spring bed and during the day when folded up with three large pillows lined against the wall it would be luxurious to sit on.

Along the wall there were also two bookshelves. Opposite the bookshelves, along the other side of the wall, was a piano which her friend had gotten for nothing, as the friend of her friend left for California and it would cost him too much to take it with him and be too little to be worth the selling to a second-hand piano store. Therefore, he had given it to the girl as a present.

The girl hadn't begun to learn how to play the piano yet. But she had the intention to do so. Oh, she was going to!

The Venetian blinds were wonderful. When you opened the slats the sunshine would come in and if the window was open you would get the fresh air also. When you shut the slats they would work like curtains and you would have air and privacy.

They lifted up their heads and the sky light was above. Oh, it was almost a pent-house.

Between the living room and the bed room there was a door and when both had guests the door was closed insuring privacy for both.

The washroom was their favorite.

The bath tub was roomy and shining and there was a shower in addition. A Turkish bath was restful and one could just lie in the warm water and relax. A shower bath would be quick and refreshing.

The stool was becoming and atop the wooden cover there was a cotton knitted thing so that when the weather was cold one could sit on it without a chill.

In the medicine chest there were various cosmetics. They could be beautified any way they liked and a razor was always handy for their armpits.

The bookshelves in both rooms were filled with books which they had picked up in secondhand book stores. The cover of each book was attractive and the price was not more than ten or fifteen cents a copy. With all the books lined up and various colors mixed, these bookshelves were certainly good decorations—economical and highbrow.

Every night, Pearl Chang had to read the tabloid. Otherwise she could not sleep. When she got the paper she would not let her friend read it because she thought her friend would get the pages mixed up.

Pearl Chang would not read the paper until she had bathed and was ready to sleep.

After she finished her bath she washed her silk stockings.

She bought three pairs of the same color at a time. When one of the heels was cut by the back of the shoe or a run started, she could just throw one stocking away and save the other to be used with a widowed one. When she washed her stockings every night, it was not only to get the dirt off, but also to get the threads shifted around so that the shoes would not cut in the same spot.

While she was bathing and washing, she liked to look at her beautiful legs. They were long and from the middle part of the leg down they narrowed gradually. The ankles were small. That meant delicacy, aristocracy, beauty; there were no hairs and no scars.

After she bathed and washed her stockings she came into the bedroom and against three pillows she relaxed in a sitting position and read the tabloid.

It was so easy to handle that she sneered at others who were not wise enough to buy a paper of the same size. Large sheets were always a bother and there were so many words that meant nothing.

There were so many sheets and there were pictures, features, columns and editorials. It cost two cents. She could not understand why a roll of toilet paper with no pictures, no features, no columns and no editorials should cost her five cents.

Pearl Chang read the tabloid.

Pearl Chang became a movie star.

Pearl Chang kissed Wong Wan-Lee on the screen.

Wong Wan-Lee, the laundryman?

No—Wong Wan-Lee, the Prince.

Where was Wong Wan-Lee?

Pearl Chang had forgotten the address of Wong Wan-Lee nor had she remembered his name. But so strong-willed a girl as she must find this laundryman.

And Pearl Chang did.

She entered the laundry

Wong Wan-Lee stopped ironing and had a look at her; he wondered whether he was awake or in a dream.

He pulled his hair. It hurt.

He bit his tongue. It hurt.

He was convinced that he was not in a dream, but awake.

He opened the door of the counter and ushered in Pearl Chang.

Pearl Chang looked at the wall of the outer room and she marvelled at the Chinese painting and thought the Chinese writing was mysterious.

Pearl Chang came to the middle room.

Wong Wan-Lee got out a folding table and served Pearl Chang a cup of tea.

"Thanks!" said Pearl Chang.

Holding the cup she waited for something more.

There was nothing more.

"Is this hot enough?" asked Wong Wan-Lee.

"Yes, but where is the sugar and milk?" asked Pearl Chang.

"We are drinking tea, not milk-sugar-water," Wong Wan-Lee answered. "Savages have a dull sense of taste and therefore they have to use sugar and milk, but we are Chinese!"

Pearl Chang listened but did not drink.

"It is so beautiful inside the cup, and if milk were added it would look like muddy water."

"Please give me some lemon!" pleaded Pearl Chang.

"If lemon were used, it would be like the wolf taking to sheep and there would be no tea-taste left."

The prince must be right, Pearl Chang thought, and she took the drink.

Then she tried the Chinese nuts, preserved fruits and almond cakes. She loved them. All were tasty and curious.

Wong Wan-Lee cooked and they ate.

There was almost everything but Chop Suey and Chow Mein.

Pearl Chang was surprised because the Chinese national dishes had been missing.

"Do you think that I am not good enough to be treated with your national dishes, Chop Suey and Chow Mein?" asked Pearl Chang.

"With thousands and thousands of apologies," said Wong Wan-Lee, "I am no American. I eat no Chop Suey. I eat no Chow Mein."

"You see how easily Americans get fooled!" commented Pearl Chang. "I am glad I am a Chinese!"

"Be quiet! Don't say that!" Wong Wan-Lee warned her. "If Americans should hear you say that, we Chinese would have no more business." He went in the inner room and brought out a newspaper clipping; he handed it to her. It read:

"Prof. Le Roy S. Weatherby and Miss Sheila Murray of the University of Southern California reported at the meeting of the American Chemical Society August 21, 1935, that Chow Mein and Chop Suey, those pseudo-oriental dishes of American origin, got the Society's scientific O.K. today as a health food.

"Feeding tests on rats showed that Chow Mein and Chop Suey contain the growth-promoting and anti-infection Vitamin A, the appetite-regulating and anti-neurotic Vitamin B and the rickets-preventing Vitamin D."

Now Americans have graduated from the school of Chop Suey and Chow Mein and are seeking to entertain themselves with genuine Chinese dishes.

Pearl Chang read the clippings several times and finally she told Wong Wan-Lee, "Vitamin A, Vitamin B, Vitamin C, Vitamin D and Vitamin E; that is too much for me!"

They began to eat.

Pearl Chang noticed that there was no fork nor knife and there was no serving plate either. She saw a bowl filled with rice and two pieces of bamboo alongside it.

She could not understand how with two straight pieces of bamboo, any one could pick up his food.

Wong Wan-Lee raised his chopsticks and said to her: "Please! Please!"

Pearl Chang held the chopsticks in the way Wong Wan-Lee did but she could not move them freely.

Wong Wan-Lee deigned to explain, and demonstrated, then let Pearl Chang try.

Finally she learned how to move her fingers. But, holding the chopsticks, she could not hold the food firm and it dropped on the floor and was snatched by the cat.

Wong Wan-Lee sneered at Pearl Chang and was proud of himself—how well he could handle his chopsticks!

When the dinner was over, they had tea again.

It was quite all right, Pearl Chang felt, to look at each other, converse, drink tea and take sweets for a while. But these things were going on too long; they had become dreadfully monotonous.

She thought of the laundry as a kind of Buddhist temple with bells and drums. But she could not hear the bells and drums.

She could not understand why Wong Wan-Lee seemed to be more interested in the cat than in her. The cat enjoyed a little pat now and then, but why should she sit still and see the cat have a good time while she remained unheeded?

While Wong Wan-Lee was talking to her and not paying any attention to the cat, Pearl Chang noticed that the cat went right ahead and rubbed itself against him. Could she believe that she hadn't as much guts as the cat?

As she was wearing a new pair of shoes, her feet hurt. She kicked the shoes off and walked around the room. Then she whistled and danced.

Wong Wan-Lee had thought that Pearl Chang was an angel, but now he thought that she was just a "Mo No," a term which China-born Chinese use to make fun of an American-born Chinese. In Cantonese, "Mo" means "no" and "No" means "brain."

Wong Wan-Lee thought that his cat had more brains than Pearl Chang.

When the cat lay over his feet every night he thought the cat was doing him a favor by being his hot water bag. He now discovered that the cat had enough brains to use his feet to keep her warm.

When he walked around, the cat ran between his legs to rub her body against his leg; he used to think the cat was doing him a favor by trying to amuse him. Now he had discovered the cat had enough brains to use his ankle as a back-scratcher.

When the cat had touched his foot and run away, he had thought the cat was merely being friendly to him and wanted to tell him that his shrimps were delicious. He now discovered, when the cat did this, that she had enough brains to say to him, "I can catch a mouse, but you cannot catch me!"

On second thought, however, Wong Wan-Lee realized that Pearl Chang had more brains than the cat.

With all the brains the cat had, she didn't know how to make any other sound besides "*meow*"; Pearl Chang could make more sounds than that.

With all the brains the cat had, she could only make the center part of her eyes smaller during the day and larger at night, but she could not shift her eyes to the corner and needle your heart. Pearl Chang could.

With all the brains the cat had, she could not open her lips to show her white teeth—smile. Pearl Chang could.

With all the brains the cat had, she did not know how to put the little red stuff on her lips. Pearl Chang could.

With all the brains the cat had, she could not remove her fur coat and let her white skin be seen and yet *not* be seen through a thin-veiled dress. Pearl Chang could.

With all the brains the cat had, she did not know how to put on high-heeled shoes and let the heels make sharp sounds on the pavement. Pearl Chang could.

The high-heeled shoes made Pearl Chang's feet small without foot-binding.

The high-heeled shoes made Pearl Chang shake her body from left to right and back to front.

The high-heeled shoes made her two tennis balls jump around her chest, and yet they were there always.

VI

The invitation that came from Wong Wan-Lee's club, to ask him to attend its Chinese New Year celebration in Chinatown, read:

"As the river leaf meets the river water, we have met in a foreign land. We may talk about the moon and the year of Chun Chow—the middle land.

"In the land of Flower Flag, it is gorgeous! Let us celebrate the sunny spring of this great continent!

"Now the sunshine is bright and it is time to dine and to be merry.

"The scene of spring is soothing and tens of thousands of things wear new dresses.

"Our club has decided to celebrate the coming spring in a way which is as old as the ages and as wise as the sages.

"When the music begins, we shall talk about the family glory under the same roof. As the wine spreads the perfume of spring, we shall talk about the things of our village.

"The lamp will be very beautiful. The fire tree will be very strange.

"Raise your wine-cup high and high and cover the cup with your long broad sleeves. Then, when you drink no one will see. Drink and drink! Finish thousands and thousands of cups and you will be asked to drink no more.

"Come! Come! Bring your laughter!

"Come! Come! Bring your wine-bag!"

The Chinese New Year is about one month later than the American; according to Chinese custom, the first day of the first month of the Chinese year is considered a Spring Festival and therefore the Chinese New Year and the Chinese Spring Festival are the same thing.

For the convenience of different members, this celebration was not held on the first day of the month but on the following Sunday.

Wong Wan-Lee dressed in his best and invited Pearl Chang to go along with him.

They went to Chinatown a few hours earlier in order to see the Lion Dance.

It was no curiosity to Wong Wan-Lee since he had seen it before but he thought it would certainly be interesting for Pearl Chang.

When they arrived at Chinatown, they saw the street was full of people. There were more Americans than Chinese, and it was so closely packed that they could hardly squeeze through.

So he and Pearl Chang stood as much aside as possible and watched the others become excited.

He saw all the windows full of ladies—all of them Chinese. He wondered where they had hid themselves until now.

Now, at this agreeable distance, he had at last a full, detailed look.

On the sidewalk, he saw a tiny baby dressed like a little doll. She was with her parents.

Wong Wan-Lee touched her cheek and she laughed at him. He thought this was a good omen and that he might well make lots of money this year.

Pearl Chang, in the midst of looking everywhere, looked at the baby, and touched her cheek and called: "You little Chinky!" The baby stared at her and cried.

Wong Wan-Lee thought she was "Mo No"— had no brain. How could she call the baby Chinky! The baby did not like it; that was why she was crying. And Pearl Chang was a Chinese herself! She was "Mo No," indeed.

Wong Wan-Lee comforted the baby and the baby smiled at him again. Now she would certainly be good luck for him.

He pulled Pearl Chang's sleeve and asked her to walk in the other direction.

He was glad that he had Pearl Chang with him but he didn't like the idea of her putting her arm into his.

That way it was obvious that she was his girlfriend.

He saw so many cousins and friends staring at him. It was nicer to let people guess and not let them know how it actually was.

Anyhow, they walked and looked for some new things to see.

At last, they heard the beating of a drum and the ringing of a Chinese gong.

Pearl Chang was as restless as an ant in a hot pan.

Wong Wan-Lee used his arm to wedge through the crowd inch by inch, as Pearl Chang followed close. They came to the outer line.

They could see no feet but only the body of the lion. It moved its body and it showed its mouth. It was as real as a lion he had seen in the Bronx Zoo.

Pearl Chang had discovered that lions were afraid of fire crackers, but the lion in Chinatown was not.

The lion in the park cage ate meat, but the lion in Chinatown ate dollar bills.

Wherever a dollar bill hung, the lion stopped, and where most of the fire crackers cracked, the lion danced.

The lion in the park cage ate meat with its mouth, but the lion in Chinatown ate dollar bills with the hands of a man, the hands of a Tong man.

"Don Don Chan! Don Don Chan!"

The lion moved along. Pearl Chang saw that the lion wore leather shoes.

When its mouth would open, she saw that the lion had human eyes instead of teeth.

As the lion danced harder, Pearl Chang held Wong Wan-Lee's hand harder. The harder Pearl Chang held Won Wan-Lee, the more difficult it was for him to stand.

The lion was finally taking a rest.

No, it was not the lion who had gotten tired, but the lion-men, of whom there were three. The lion-men now emerged and drew sharp breaths.

Now the lion had nothing left but its sagging skin. The small bells on it rang feebly as they touched the ground.

Pearl Chang and Wong Wan-Lee then saw a man in a short skirt step out from the sidewalk and stand in the center of the street.

He cracked his heels together and raised both of his hands high, making a Chinese salute.

He then moved this way and that, giving a little jump here and there. It was Chinese boxing.

Wong Wan-Lee knew something about it himself. He thought it was not very skillful and he could do better.

To Pearl Chang it was altogether a novelty. But she could not understand why the man just hit at the air and could hurt nobody.

Now a better act appeared.

Two men came out dressed in the same uniform as the previous one. One had a knife in his hand and the other had a long spear.

The spear-man faced the knife-man.

The spear-man made the spear wave like a snake and Wong Wan-Lee admired the skill with which he did it. Pearl Chang became frightened because she thought there might be a Tong war in the street. Also she wondered why the "Hatchet Man" didn't necessarily use a hatchet. In the movies, the Hatchet Man always had a hatchet, she told Wong Wan-Lee.

Wong Wan-Lee made no answer.

The knife-man shifted to one side and got hold of the spear and at the same time he tried to cut off his opponent's hands.

The spear-man retreated and tried to kick the knife out of the other's hands with his left foot.

But the knife was too quick—it almost cut off the spear-man's foot.

The spear-man jumped, the knife ran under him.

Each stroke was a dangerous one, but each one was skillfully avoided and many rounds passed, but nobody got hurt, and the onlookers were amazed and impressed.

Wong Wan-Lee and Pearl Chang left for the New Year's dinner at the club.

When they approached the building they rang the door-bell. Some one opened the door and shouted:

"Kung Ho Hsin Hsi!" This meant "Happy New Year!"

Wong Wan-Lee returned the greeting and Pearl Chang did the same, but she laughed and laughed for it was the first time she had spoken so. She laughed so hard that tears came out of her eyes.

The usher then said, "Ch'ing Li Mien!" meaning "Please come in!"

So they went in.

On the wall of the outer room, they saw, were many slips of red paper. On each slip was a Chinese saying.

In the inner room was a picture of a long-bearded man, the God of Fortune.

In front of this picture was an incense-burner.

On each side of the incense-burner was a candlestick.

On the table close to the picture were three cups of rice wine.

Between the wine-cups and the incense-burner were some small red-paper folders.

As newcomers arrived they put one of these folders underneath the incense-burner and the usher took the folder and handed it to the bookkeeper and the bookkeeper opened the folder and recorded the amount on the wall.

Wong Wan-Lee had contributed a generous sum, because he felt everybody was looking at him while he was folding up the money, and he had Pearl Chang with him.

Now came the feast.

There were ten tables altogether. At each table stood eight guests. After five or ten minutes of courteous interchange they all seated themselves.

At each table was stationed an usher who poured Wo Ka Pi, an imported Chinese whiskey, the best a Chinese could expect.

The usher belonging to Wong Wan-Lee's table raised his cup and said: "Kan I Pi!"—"Bottoms up!" All drank but Wong Wan-Lee.

Now came four cold dishes:

Chinese Cheese
Peanuts
Salted Fish

Aged Egg

Then two soups:

Shark's-Fin Soup
Bird's-Nest Soup

An officer of the club then stood up and used chopsticks to strike at the rice bowl, and everybody kept quiet.

The officer made a speech. Because it was short, it was nice. Then followed the representatives of various organizations with their speeches. Everybody said a little. But because there were so many "everybodies" the speeches became a torture to Wong Wan-Lee.

Finally they began to eat again.

Meat (cooked with Golden Needles)
Chicken (flavored with Dark Clouds)

One bowl came right after the other and everybody was well filled.

Finally they played the finger game.

Some one challenged Wong Wan-Lee and he accepted the challenge.

In the Western world, to drink is a privilege; in

China, to drink is a punishment. Wong Wan-Lee decided he would please his friends by playing the game, and yet he would ensure that he won.

The challenger put out five fingers and called out "Eight!" Wong Wan-Lee just a little behind time called "Seven!" and put out two fingers.

His two fingers added to the other's five made the "Seven." As Wong Wan-Lee had guessed the number both their fingers made, he won. The other fellow took a drink.

The second time, the other fellow put out no fingers and said "Five!" Wong Wan-Lee yelled "Nothing!" and he put out no fingers but a fist. He was being successful. So the other fellow again had to take a drink.

The third time, the other fellow put out four and called "Seven!" Wong Wan-Lee put out four and called "Same!" So Wong Wan-Lee won and the other fellow took his drink for the third time.

The other fellow was sour and he said to Wong Wan-Lee: "Sly fox! You always put out your fingers after I call my bet; you will never lose in that way. You must now pay me back by drinking three cups!"

Suddenly he grabbed Wong Wan-Lee's nose and poured some whiskey into his parted lips.

Wong Wan-Lee had not resisted for he knew that he had tricked the man and he thought that a cup or two wouldn't kill him.

It didn't kill him. In fact, it tasted wonderful. He took another cup. And he considered the drink was a privilege and not a punishment at all. He volunteered to drink still another cup.

His face became a little red. But he suffered nothing, and felt very well. He wanted to talk, to move around and even jump. All at once. That was what he was doing.

Pearl Chang saw Wong Wan-Lee was getting drunk and she just left the place by herself.

Wong Wan-Lee had not only lost Pearl Chang but a small photograph which Pearl Chang had given him.

He would ask her for a new one the next time, but he thought that a first photo was a photo of original virginity and it was holy, and therefore must be found.

He walked from the Bowery Savings Bank to Bayard Street. He turned and passed Elizabeth Street and went to Mott Street. At Elizabeth Street there was a police station and he saw police coming out by tens. What, a Tong War?

He walked along Mott Street and stopped at the corner of Mott and Pell Streets. He read the notice on the bill board for a while and wondered how he could find the picture of Pearl Chang.

Opposite the bill board was the headquarters of a Tong and since it was just after the Chinese New Year, he heard the Chinese music playing upstairs.

He walked along Pell Street and stopped at the corner of Pell and Doyers. On the right side there was the headquarters of another Tong. Again he heard Chinese music playing upstairs.

In Doyers Street he saw many poorly dressed white men lined up in the front of a mission house. At the same time, tens of well-dressed white men went into the mission and he saw a uniformed guide wave his hands and explain things to them. Wong Wan-Lee followed the crowd and went in also.

On the platform was an old man talking to lots of poor men sitting on the benches, dozing, and when the old man finished his talk he bent his head and closed his eyes and murmured.

Wong Wan-Lee followed the well-dressed white men and went to the basement, and he saw people there eating. After eating, they put out the cots and slept in their coats.

When he came out of the basement, the benches in the hall had already been turned into beds.

Wong Wan-Lee had not seen one Chinese inside the mission or one waiting in the line outside but he had heard the uniformed guide explaining things to the well-dressed white men "Chinese...Chinese ... Chinese..."

He walked through Doyers Street and came to the Bowery and he saw many dirty-faced white men around the fire singing.

He turned right and stopped at the corner of Bowery and Mott Streets and he saw many Americans coming out of a so-called Chinese temple. Since no Chinese had ever visited it he could not see how it could be a Chinese temple. He heard again the uniformed guide explain to these white men "Chinese ...Chinese...Chinese..."

It was not a Chinese Temple but was a Metropolitan Museum of Oriental Art in Chinatown.

The tourists visited here and there but finally they were disappointed because they had spent money for nothing.

No Hatchet Men!

No Tong Wars!

And they themselves came back alive!

The Chinatown guides who bark on Forty-Second Street had cheated them.

Wong Wan-Lee came back to the corner of Mott and Pell.

He had finished the route which the Lion Dance passed through and he had looked at the ground almost step by step but he found no picture of Pearl Chang.

Oh, yes—he did.

Those tourists—they were all Pearl Changs—"Mo No."

Much as Wong Wan-Lee belittled those tourists as being a bit "Mo No," the ambassador always stepped aside respectfully and let them pass first, for he thought that those tourists, after all, were the customers of Chinatown—and customers should always be right and deferred to.

"Mo No!"

VII

Wong Wan-Lee had thought of Pearl Chang as being a little bit “Mo No” but because she was a little bit “Mo No” he liked her more.

Wong Wan-Lee was working in his laundry.

While he was working, he was thinking of Pearl Chang.

One day there came a man from the detective agency.

“What do you say,” said the man, “how much can you pay for protection? Five dollars a week? Fair enough? Listen, you’ll get into trouble if you don’t pay up. Five dollars a week!” Wong Wan-Lee saw a man of heavy build and he seemed to be a tough guy.

“Protection?” asked Wong Wan-Lee.

“Sure, for a few dollars a week,” the man said. “Then you would have no worry about theft and hold-up!”

“Pay plenty for protection,” Wong Wan-Lee told him. “Me pay police, me wash free!”

“That doesn’t mean a thing,” the man sneered, and looked threateningly at Wong Wan-Lee.

"No savvy! Me no speak English!" Wong Wan-Lee replied to the words and the look.

"It would be cheaper to pay me than to get into trouble, you know," the man said.

"No savvy, me no speak English!" Wong Wan-Lee persisted.

The man was angry because he could not make this Chinaman understand what kind of a hero he was; he could scare plenty of white laundry-men but not Wong Wan-Lee, because he had seldom been in an American movie house and he was dumb.

The man left.

Pearl Chang hadn't come for a week.

Wong Wan-Lee was working in his laundry. While he was working he was thinking of Pearl Chang.

Sunday afternoon Wong Wan-Lee went to Chinatown. He had left the curtains raised and he thought that if anything happened inside, the men on the street would see it.

But when he came back, he discovered that the lock on the front door was jerked off and he had lost his old coat and overcoat and two new blankets.

He was glad that he had his new overcoat on his back and that the things he had lost were not worth very much.

He talked the matter over with the janitor and he had a police-lock fixed inside the front door; and he thought, from then on and forever, unless the thief broke in the whole door, he would be safe.

Pearl Chang hadn't come for two weeks.

Wong Wan-Lee was working in his laundry.

While he was working, he was thinking of Pearl Chang.

One night, when Wong Wan-Lee was ready to lock his door, he made the mistake of pulling the curtain down first, and a man sneaked in.

Wong Wan-Lee heard him and turned. The man was masked. He had something in his hand and ordered him: "Stick 'em up!"

Wong Wan-Lee didn't know what "Stick 'em up!" meant, but he knew he was about to be robbed.

"No money, me no speak English!" answered Wong Wan-Lee slowly.

"No tickee, no washee, eh? Back up!" the man ordered, gesturing.

Wong Wan-Lee backed up slowly.

"Hands up, face the wall!" again the man ordered. Wong Wan-Lee obeyed.

Although he was facing the wall, he could hear the noise of the opening of the money-box and the sound of the silver coins.

When he heard the man walk out, he went to the money-box and found that all the money was gone.

He was glad that this was the beginning of the week and he hadn't taken in much money.

Next day he asked the janitor to call a carpenter to have wooden frames and barbed wires erected around the counter.

Wong Wan-Lee reflected that the voice of the masked robber had sounded much like the voice of the man from the detective agency.

Further, he reflected that both the theft and the hold-up might have been the work of the same man.

Pearl Chang hadn't come for four weeks.

Wong Wan-Lee thought of Pearl Chang as being a little bit "Mo No" but because she was a little bit "Mo No" he liked her more.

VIII

What a surprise! One day Wong Wan-Lee saw Pearl Chang walk into his laundry slowly, happily and—unexpectedly, as is the wont among New Yorkers in visiting or absenting themselves from their friends or even lovers.

Wong Wan-Lee had intended to be indifferent towards her as a protest against her long absence. But he could not control himself and showed her a smiling face right away and ushered Pearl Chang into the middle room.

"What are these wooden frames and barbed wires around the counter for?" inquired Pearl Chang.

To this Wong Wan-Lee made no answer, for he did not want to lose face.

Wong Wan-Lee lit the stove.

"My dear Prince," said Pearl Chang, "you are such a nice boy. I am so afraid of cold."

"Where have you been? What made you absent from my humble laundry so long a time?"

"Am I not here now?" replied Pearl Chang.

Pearl Chang had come.

Wong Wan-Lee talked:

"It was the Emperor Ban Ku who with an axe opened the sky and made the ground.

"It was the Emperor Pu Hsi who with a magic Octagon made the sun and moon. The sun and the moon were sisters-in-law. The moon was bashful and the sun was courageous. When they chose to serve in lighting the universe, the moon preferred the night and the sun volunteered for the day. But the sun was shrewd; she had a handful of needles which needled everybody's eyes and nobody dared to look at her. The moon was innocent and carried no needles in her hand and therefore everybody looked at her and made love to her.

"It was the Emperor Sheng Noun who taught people to eat what animals eat—the vegetables—but not meat, in order to eliminate the middlemen—animals.

"It was the Emperor Shu Ren who discovered the secret of fire in order to have sun and moon whenever and wherever one wanted them.

"These Emperors were all the ancestors of me, Wong Wan-Lee, but as there were no writings that recorded such things, I don't know exactly how I was related to them.

"There came the great Emperor Huang Ti who introduced the use of long spears among the Chinese, who marched down with them from the upper Yellow River. The natives used only short knives, and they ran from the Chinese spears.

"The Emperor's name was Huang Ti, so his name is the same as that of Wong Wan-Lee.

(In Chinese writing, Wong and Huang are of the same picture. However, according to Cantonese dialect, the word is pronounced, Wong; and according to Mandarin, Huang.)

"There was Emperor Yao and there was Emperor Shun. There was Emperor Yu and there was Emperor T'ang. There were Emperors and Emperors, and they were all the ancestors of me, Wong Wan-Lee!

"In the time of the Chow Dynasty, the land was equally divided into nine parts. Eight married couples received their respective shares. They worked all together on the center portion for maintaining the schools and for payment of public expenses. When they reached the age of sixty, or if they died before reaching sixty, the government took back their share and gave it to another couple. Nobody could buy it and nobody could sell it. That was communism!

"It was hundreds of years before Lao-Tze and Confucius. It was hundreds of years before Jesus came. It was the time when Europeans had not only hair on their chests, arms and chins, but also on their cheeks and palms. "When China was great, savages paid tribute, 'kow-towed' to the Emperor. The Emperor fed them Chow Mein without fried noodles and Chop Suey with plenty of meat—genuine Chinese dishes!

"The lakes ran with wine and the forests were hung with all sorts of meats and delicacies. These savages celebrated merrily and they forgot to go back.

"When they stayed, they kow-towed to the Emperor; it was good exercise for their leg-joints. When they finally went back they carried with them things plentiful and delicious."

Pearl Chang thought Chinamen never talked and now Wong Wan-Lee talked.

He continued:

"Then another kind of savage came.

"Their eyes were blue like the eyes of fisher-birds, for they had stayed in the water so long their color had changed. Their hair was yellow or even red and they looked like the devils one sees in Hell in a Buddhist Temple."

Pearl Chang took the small mirror out of her pocketbook. She had a look at herself and she was glad that she was a Chinese, and quietly she threw away a small picture of a white movie actress.

Wong Wan-Lee continued:

"Those savages drank cold water whereas the Chinese drink hot water.

"Those savages washed their faces with their bare hands whereas the Chinese do it with a towel.

"Those savages, when they made a gesture to call a person, hooked one finger, whereas the Chinese use the whole hand waving up and down.

"Those savages didn't know two and two were four. They used a piece of paper and a pencil to figure it out, and only then did they know it was four. Whereas the Chinese by merely closing his eyes a second would know all.

"Those savages called father and mother by the first name and showed no respect, whereas the Chinese consider the parent as God and Emperor.

"Those savages trusted nothing but a written contract. When a man and a woman married, each had a lawyer in his pajama sleeve.

"The Emperor thereupon was disgusted and treated them like devils, asking them to stay in a corner of the sea-ports.

"They sold Chinese fancy goods.

"They sold Chinese opium.

"They sucked Chinese blood.

"They ate Chinese flesh.

"When China invented the long spear, the Chinese became conquerors. When the Huns and the Five Hu's used bow-and-arrow the Chinese became victims. When the Chinese learned the handling of bow-and-arrow, the Europeans stole the secret of the Chinese fire-cracker and made guns to kill. The Europeans became the conquerors.

"Alas!

"The Chinese have made mistakes, and they have been punished with war, flood and famine.

"Alas!

"I, Wong Wan-Lee—the descendant of the first Emperor, the great Huang Ti, the great-great-grandson of the Han Dynasty, the great-grandson of the T'ang Dynasty, the grandson of the Sung Dynasty and the son of the Ming Dynasty—was exiled to a savage land, first as a waiter and then as a laundryman.

"Alas!

"Yet the white laundrymen had to spread rumors about Chinese laundries and post ridiculing signs about us in their windows to humiliate us and hurt our business, and therefore we have to cut down our prices and we make no money!

"Alas!"

Pearl Chang now began to understand why Wong

Wan-Lee had told her the whole history of China.

And she was thoroughly convinced that Wong Wan-Lee was a prince of certain validity, and she wished that she had a Five-and-Ten grandfather, for then she would be able to buy ponies for Prince Wong Wan-Lee as a wedding present so that he might ride them in polo games.

Pearl Chang laughed and laughed and she moved her chair near to Wong Wan-Lee.

Wong Wan-Lee moved away from her a little, for he didn't want things to look suspicious.

"This is America," Pearl Chang said. "You are impolite, negligent and cruel."

So by the second move, Wong Wan-Lee stayed where he was.

"I think you Chinese should eat more beef-steak and lamb-chops, instead of Chop Suey and Chow Mein." advised Pearl Chang. "Vegetables weaken the Chinese race, and meats make a man brutal and able to kill! China has lost her territory to Westerners, China has been victimized by the Japanese. Vegetables were the reason, believe me!"

"We Chinese eat no Chop Suey. We Chinese eat no Chow Mein. We eat genuine Chinese food. You—'Mo No'," protested Wong Wan-Lee.

Pearl Chang moved her chair again.

Wong Wan-Lee stayed where he was and dared not move, for he was afraid that Pearl Chang might laugh at him as a vegetarian.

Pearl Chang took a pencil, wrote something on a piece of paper, and handed it to Wong Wan-Lee.

Wong Wan-Lee took it.

Pearl Chang stood up and walked behind Wong Wan-Lee's chair as though to read what she had just written.

In so doing she rested her chin upon his head, and placed her hands upon his shoulders.

Wong Wan-Lee didn't like it but he dared not move, for he was still afraid that Pearl Chang might laugh at him for being a vegetarian.

He unfolded the paper which Pearl Chang had just handed to him.

Before he started to read it, he heard Pearl Chang whispering to him: "Do you like me?" she asked.

Wong Wan-Lee made no answer.

Pearl Chang played with his hair.

Pearl Chang played with his ears.

Pearl Chang fingered his neck.

Wong Wan-Lee didn't like this but he dared not move, for he was afraid that Pearl Chang might laugh at him for being a vegetarian.

"Do you love me?" again Pearl Chang whispered across the back of the chair.

It was a very embarrassing question. How could he answer it!

He read what she had just written down on the paper.

It was this:

"X X X . . ."

As Wong Wan-Lee came from China, he could not understand it.

"Can't you read it?" asked Pearl Chang.

"No!" answered Wong Wan-Lee.

Pearl Chang laughed.

Wong Wan-Lee was puzzled.

"My dear prince, you have eaten too much Chop Suey and Chow Mein. So nuts to you!" Pearl Chang said and giggled.

Wong Wan-Lee was humiliated, but he dared not become angry.

Pearl Chang began to explain it to him with a demonstration.

She lifted up his chin and turned it back toward her.

It hurt Wong Wan-Lee's neck, but he dared not say anything for he was afraid that Pearl Chang might laugh at him for being a vegetarian.

He closed his eyes. Seeing nothing, there would be nothing.

He felt, however, that there was something drawing nearer his nose. Because he smelled perfume.

He inhaled and then fanned his nostrils; that is, he took a hundred per cent deep breath.

It was nice.

He also felt that there was something touching his lips. It was neither too close nor too far. It was delicately connected.

It was nice.

He intended to lean his head back, but he was prevented by the back of the chair.

He intended to turn his head away from her, but he dared not for he was afraid that Pearl Chang might laugh at him for being a vegetarian.

He was sitting there without any motion and he was ready to accept whatever might happen to him.

Pearl Chang's lips moved round and round. First they moved from a small circle to a large circle, then they moved from a large circle to a small circle.

Oh, it was interesting.

And from between her round-and-round lips there came a soft, warm, moist, moving, tiny thing.

Because it was moist, it was musical.

Because it was moving, it was everywhere!

It was interesting and it was so interesting that he had to open his drooping eyes and take a look.

It was interesting and it was so interesting that he had to close his eyes again and begin to use his own soft, warm, moist, moving, tiny thing.

The two things met. They spoke of the East. They spoke of the West.

Pearl Chang became conscious of the back of the chair, which was becoming unwelcome, so she walked around the chair and stood in front of Wong Wan-Lee.

In order to show his courtesy, Wong Wan-Lee stood up also.

As a result of this shifting, Pearl Chang awakened from her dream. Stepping back, she began to comb her hair and powder her nose. Then she laughed and laughed, without saying anything.

Wong Wan-Lee looked at Pearl Chang.

Pearl Chang's nose was like an almond seed.

Pearl Chang's eyes were like an autumn stream.

Pearl Chang's face was like a watermelon seed.

But Pearl Chang's mouth was not like a little cherry and she had curly hair.

Wong Wan-Lee stepped back a few steps and had a clearer view.

Pearl Chang was just like the angel he had met in his dream when he first moved to his laundry.

"Angel! My Angel! Where have you been?" He walked forward and grasped her.

Pearl Chang laughed and laughed, and she leaned back with her arm spread out and head turned aside.

Wong Wan-Lee worried that his Angel might fall and so he put his arms around her.

Though he felt heavy, he noticed that his angel didn't fall.

Wong Wan-Lee was now no more a vegetarian, but a meat-eater. He kissed Pearl Chang.

The cat meowed without stopping.

He separated from Pearl Chang and went inside to take out a handful of dry shrimp.

When the cat had the dry shrimp, she was quiet.

Pearl Chang rested herself comfortably on the sofa. She was leaning back against the sofa; this made her two tennis balls become more prominent.

Wong Wan-Lee felt one of them and he discovered there was something more beside the ball. Attached to the ball was a Lee Chee nut.

"What a beautiful tennis ball and what a nice Lee Chee nut you have, my dear Angel!" commented Wong Wan-Lee.

"Thanks very much for your compliment, my dear Prince!" returned Pearl Chang.

Pearl Chang rested herself comfortably on the sofa.

For the sake of curiosity, Wong Wan-Lee squeezed Pearl Chang's Lee Chee nut to find out whether there was a pit in it.

Suddenly Pearl Chang stood up, put on her coat, grabbed her pocket-book and yelled:

"This is not a tennis ball; this is my breast! This is not a Lee Chee nut; this is my nipple! You hurt me! I thought you were born in China, the land of Confucius, Lao-Tze and Buddha. But you are as tough as any white brat I ever met when I was South!"

Pearl Chang opened the door and left.

IX

Wong Wan-Lee had heard what Pearl Chang had shouted to him but he could not understand what really made her become so mad.

The woman was changeable as the weather, he thought, and even more.

The woman was the boss, what could he do?

Pearl Chang was not here, but the cat was here always.

Wong Wan-Lee saw the cat suddenly move her ears in all directions.

Then she ceased and her ears pointed in but one direction.

She lowered her body. Her tail stood up. Her chin touched the floor.

She made no noise, and she was as quiet as a dead cat.

Finally, she moved one leg after the other slowly, and she spread her nails like steel hooks.

She made a sudden leap.

Wong Wan-Lee heard the sound "Ji! Ji!" and he knew it was a mouse.

Wong Wan-Lee heard the sound "Wo! Wo!" and he knew it was a sign of a catch for the cat.

The cat, holding the mouse in her mouth, walked slowly out of the corner of the room and she dropped it on the floor. The mouse ran, but it could not run fast.

The cat combed her mustache and shook her tail.

She grabbed the mouse again, and she played with the mouse in this manner for several minutes but the mouse was then so tired it made no effort to run.

It was so tired that it died, then and there.

The cat meowed several times, as a dirge for the fallen foe. Then she stored the mouse in her food bowl to be buried later in her stomach, when she would be really hungry.

The cat had her food, and had her fun.

Wong Wan-Lee was afraid that Pearl Chang might make a plaything of him as the cat did with the mouse.

Oh, no!

Wong Wan-Lee was working in his laundry.

While he was working, he was thinking of Pearl Chang.

One day there came a house inspector.

"Who is the boss in this laundry?" the Inspector asked.

"Yes, Sir, me!" replied Wong Wan-Lee in pidgin English.

"I'm from the Housing Department," explained the man and he showed Wong Wan-Lee his badge.

"You come from Yamen?" asked Wong Wan-Lee.

"This is America, speak English!" demanded the man.

Wong Wan-Lee was frightened by his superior air and said nothing.

The man again showed him the badge and ordered him to open the door of the counter.

Wong Wan-Lee did.

The man entered.

"Have tea, Sir?" asked Wong Wan-Lee.

"Too busy, no time!" he replied.

The man took out a yard-stick and measured the outer room, the drying room and the inner room.

Wong Wan-Lee stopped work and watched. "How long have you been here?" asked the man, when he was through. Wong Wan-Lee didn't answer, for he thought that if he replied that he had been here long it was not the truth, and yet if he replied that he had not been here very long, the white man might think that he was a Pig-Head-Three, a green-horn, and take advantage of him.

Wong Wan-Lee began to iron again.

"I've asked you a question, and why the hell don't you talk?" shouted the man.

"Cousin back soon!" exclaimed Wong Wan-Lee.

"It is against the rules of the Health Department to sleep in a laundry," said the man quickly. "There is no light, no sunshine."

"No money, no can do! You bluff, me, no scare!" answered Wong Wan-Lee, still ironing.

"How dare you talk to a white man like this! You deserve to sleep in the doorway of a Bowery beer house. You should sleep on a bare bench in a Mission Hall in Chinatown. This place is too decent for you!" He shouted because he was humiliated and outraged.

"Me, no white man, me, no can do," Wong Wan-Lee replied half-angrily and half in sarcasm.

The man scratched his head.

According to law, one could not sleep in the place where he was working, but the bed room of this laundry had a separate entrance leading to the street so that the Inspector could not hold Wong Wan-Lee on this ground.

Wong Wan-Lee kept on ironing.

"This is a residential district. If you make noise you're breaking a law!" the man explained; he made the statement with a little smile.

"I no make noise. I sleep, bad boy knock door," said Wong Wan-Lee.

The man took out a package of cigarettes and offered one to Wong Wan-Lee, offering him a smile as well.

Wong Wan-Lee stopped ironing and took the cigarette.

"No business, me close, money, no can do," complained Wong Wan-Lee.

"What, are you weeping me off? No can do, eh? My job is to make you do. See?" the man continued to puff his cigarette and looked at Wong Wan-Lee with a funny twinkle in his eye. "You had a bargain when you bought this laundry. And you should know that there must be some trouble in it. Am I right?"

It had just hit Wong Wan-Lee right, for this laundry ought to be worth six hundred dollars but he had bought it for only four hundred. He made no answer. But he let slip an uncontrollable laugh.

"Here you are. You are laughing now. So you know what I am talking about. Be wise!" said the man calmly.

Wong Wan-Lee laughed again but he made no offer.

"I'm no faker. Haven't I shown you my badge?" asked the man.

Indeed, he was no faker!

"Fix it up, please!" begged Wong Wan-Lee.

"No tickee, no shirtee; no money, no fixee! Let's hurry up!" the man urged.

Wong Wan-Lee went to the inner room and took twenty-five dollars from under the mattress. He came out and handed the money to the Inspector.

"What for?" the Inspector held the money in his hand and inquired of Wong Wan-Lee.

"Buy tea, buy tea!" Wong Wan-Lee assured him.

"Too much for ordinary tea and too little for Dragon-Beard tea!" objected the Inspector.

The mention of Dragon-Beard tea by this Inspector frightened Wong Wan-Lee. He thought that this man must be an old "China Hand" who knew everything about the Chinese in Chinatown. He went inside again and brought out another ten dollars and offered it to the Inspector.

The Inspector took the money but he did not move.

"You too fresh, I get a lawyer fight. I lose, you no make!" Wong Wan-Lee said conclusively in pidgin, resuming his ironing.

"Charlie, be wise! Go ahead, get a lawyer! If you do, by God, he'll gouge you for more than I. You will lose plenty for nothing! Figure it out, be wise!" The man took up his coat but he did not turn toward the door.

Wong Wan-Lee went inside and got fifteen dollars from under the mattress and brought it to the Inspector.

The Inspector was not satisfied, for he had made only fifty dollars. But he would be sure to come back for another slice in a few months.

"I'm no faker. Haven't I shown you my badge?" the Inspector remarked to Wong Wan-Lee while he was leaving.

Indeed he was no faker but a politician!

Pearl Chang did not come.

Wong Wan-Lee was working in his laundry.

While he was working, he was thinking of Pearl Chang.

One day, a Chinese fellow came in.

Wong Wan-Lee had met the fellow when he had been looking for a laundry. It was long ago.

Wherever he went, Wong Wan-Lee saw this fellow with a worn-out briefcase bulky with books.

His face was a little different from most Chinese, who have round faces. This Chinese had a long one. His forehead protruded and his eyes were rather deep-sunken like a monkey's or an American's.

Wong Wan-Lee had once stopped in front of a theater and asked him some questions. The fellow answered with a Chinese different from the Chinese Wong Wan-Lee spoke.

Wong Wan-Lee was suspicious of his being Japanese and told him so, and the fellow said that it did not make any difference what nationality he was, and not all Japanese were robbers.

Immediately the fellow handed him a slip of paper. It was an advertisement of his book.

The print was English and it was so small that Wong Wan-Lee stuck the paper into his pocket without reading it. How could he read? He didn't carry a dictionary.

Wong Wan-Lee saw, later, some Americans approach him, many of them as if they knew him. They took the paper and read it. And quite a few bought the book.

Wong Wan-Lee bought one also.

He thought that this fellow might be a Japanese and his book might be Japanese propaganda against China. Though he could not read English very well, he wanted to ask his cousin, who knew English, to check up on it for him. So he visited his cousin.

Wong Wan-Lee found out that this fellow was Chinese. However, his cousin said that, according to Wong Wan-Lee's description, his actions and his appearance certainly spoiled the reputation of the Chinese. He was a bum!

The second time Wong Wan-Lee met this fellow had been three months ago when he had seen him thrown out of a big hall where a debate was being held: "What Is Proletarian Literature and Who Pays the Printing Bills?"

The fellow thought that since his books, *China Red* and *The Hanging on Union Square*, had been endorsed by The Moscow News and the leading left wing critics here in America as proletarian literature, that he was entitled to sell a few copies of his own books in order to pay his printer. No sales of these books meant no future books.

"My books are proletarian literature!" the fellow protested.

"You know nothing about big words, you know nothing about long sentences!" replied the Bureaucrat.

"My books are proletarian literature!" the fellow protested.

"Why can you not get a respectable publisher?" replied the Bureaucrat.

"My books are proletarian literature!"

"Why can you not get a Guggenheim scholarship?"

"My books are proletarian literature!"

"Have you ever been in Hollywood?"

Wong Wan-Lee didn't know what all this fight was about, but he thought the ejection very humiliating to his race, so he stopped and invited the fellow to come to his laundry.

The fellow had not come to visit him that day, but he finally came to visit him now.

When the fellow arrived at his laundry, he laughed heartily and said to Wong Wan-Lee:

"I scored that night, because they called the capitalist police to kick me out." He was silent, then he said: "In Soviet Russia, they give new writers encouragement. Here they only look for big names."

Wong Wan-Lee cooked and they ate.

Afterward, the fellow asked what work he could do to pay for what he had eaten.

Wong Wan-Lee answered that all the work was done.

The fellow insisted that he must do something, otherwise he could not come any more.

Wong Wan-Lee looked around and he noticed that the socks remained unwashed.

Since in this fellow's book the word "workers" was repeated so often, Wong Wan-Lee let the fellow work.

The fellow smelled something he didn't like and he looked at Wong Wan-Lee.

Wong Wan-Lee looked at the fellow and then looked somewhere else.

When the fellow finished his washing he rhymed:

"To the masses
I blow the horn
To the crooks
I nail the thorn.
There is a whisper in the dark
And the dogs bark.
But night passes away
And there comes day.
I
Blow the horn,
I
Nail the thorn."

Pearl Chang did not come.

Wong Wan-Lee was working in his laundry.

While he was working, he was thinking of Pearl Chang.

One day there came an agent of a loanshark.

"Do you need any money?" asked the man.

Wong Wan-Lee needed the money and needed it badly, but he said nothing.

"It takes money to make money, we loan you seventy-five dollars all at once, you need only pay us back ten dollars a week. And ten weeks later, you would owe us nothing, not even one dollar.

Wong Wan-Lee had paid fifty dollars to the Inspector. But that fifty dollars was rent money, gas money and wet-wash money.

Today was the twenty-fifth of the month. and there were only five days left to pay all the bills.

Wong Wan-Lee thought he could not ask his cousin for a loan. If he did his cousin would ask him what the money was for.

If he refused to tell, his cousin would think that he meant to spend money for foolish reasons and he would not make the loan.

If he did tell, he might get the loan but the story of it would be spread around and he would not have a chance to sell his laundry later.

While casually reading his Chinese newspaper he ran across an item that interested him. It said that the police had arrested many loansharks.

If one borrowed five dollars at the beginning of the week he had to pay six dollars at the beginning of the following week. This meant that the interest rate was more than two thousand percent.

He also read in the paper that some one had borrowed fifty dollars from a loanshark and after he had paid back two hundred dollars he still owed the loanshark fifty dollars. There was interest on the capital and there was interest on unpaid interest. Whenever one fell into the hands of a loanshark he would certainly be eaten up.

Wong Wan-Lee laughed at the story and thought that it would never happen to him even if he had borrowed money from a loanshark. He had a steady business and the money he paid the Inspector was a mere incident. And the theft and hold-up were no more than casual occurrences.

His cousin had once borrowed some money from a Chinese loanshark but he had finally paid up. Since his cousin had put the thing through, he could do the same.

So Wong Wan-Lee decided to make a loan.

Next day, the agent of the loanshark came back with the paper and the money.

The paper was written in Chinese and it said that Wong Wan-Lee had bought a second-hand ironing machine for seventy-five dollars from the company and he had agreed to make a weekly payment of ten dollars. In case he failed to pay, the company would have the right to take back the machine anytime without refunding what he had already paid.

After reading it through, Wong Wan-Lee hesitated.

"If you pay up your loan, we won't take your ironing machine. We want cash!" the salesman remarked.

"What would money-man do, if I could not pay and I wouldn't give up my machine?" Wong Wan-Lee asked, "Eat me up?"

"For a Chinese one's word is one's honor! You'll pay." The agent gave a little smile.

"If one's word is one's honor, I cannot sign this paper. I didn't buy machine from you and I cannot tell what is not a truth," answered Wong Wan-Lee.

"No tickee, no shirtee, no signature no money," the agent told Wong Wan-Lee.

"Say, haven't you read the story in the paper that loansharks have been arrested and convicted?" asked Wong Wan-Lee.

"They could not read Chinese!" answered the agent coldly.

"Are you not afraid that I will get you and your company into trouble?" Wong Wan-Lee asked the man jokingly.

"If you do, I would have to spend some money to buy flowers for your funeral!" the man answered with a serious face.

Without another word between them, Wong Wan-Lee signed the paper.

This same Chinese gentleman, who was now the agent of the loanshark, was the very salesman who had sold Wong Wan-Lee an overcoat the previous winter, and now found his new profession more lucrative.

He had recently finished his Ph.D. thesis: "How to Sell China More Profitably," and he had also made great progress in studying Japanese.

When he had studied Russian, he had been Comrade R. Ropping, and now he was Dr. Hansu Yang.

Oh, he had had lots of names and he had sometimes gotten them mixed up himself.

Pearl Chang did not come.

Wong Wan-Lee got the money and he paid all the bills.

He was happy.

And he took a Chinese water and tobacco pipe and smoked it.

The pipe was made of a bamboo stick and a water receptacle, half-filled. Attached to the bamboo stick there was a small pipe.

He filled the pipe with a bit of Chinese tobacco and lit it. While he smoked, the water stirred and made a sound as though it were boiling. As the smoke came through the water, the nicotine was absorbed and the smoke became milder.

When he was through with the first pipeful, he blew the water and as the water ran through the pipe it was cleansed. Then he refilled the pipe and poured in a little fresh water from a bottle that was by his side.

Shanghai men using the same device make a pipe of brass and in some cases of silver. It is small in size and better looking, being priced at from a few dollars to a hundred depending upon the material out of which it is made.

While he smoked, he remembered a Chinese story.

There was a boy and a girl who had studied together in an old Chinese school and they were sitting at the same table.

The boy was fond of the girl and he thought that since he was so near to her he would certairily have a chance to marry her. While the boy was contemplating upon how to propose to her, a drum was beating outside. Nearer and nearer it came and finally it came to the front of the house. The boy and the girl went and they saw the drummer dismount and ask: "Where is the girl?"

"There she is!" somebody answered the drummer and pointed at the girl.

I came from thousands of miles away and was looking everywhere for you. I had just passed the court examinations and became a disciple of the emperor. Your father—the premier—took me as his son-in-law and you are now my wife. Here is the certificate, my dearest one."

The girl looked at her schoolmate with sad eyes and embarrassed the stranger—the disciple of the emperor—who had come from thousands of miles afar.

Had Wong Wan-Lee not come to America, he would not have met Pearl Chang and it was God's will that a match be made between strangers.

Wong Wan-Lee remembered another story.

Once upon a time there was a princess who was told by a Goddess that she would be married to a man who would have a chance to see her body before their marriage. It was impossible for a man to see her thus, so she thought then that she would never have a chance to get married.

One hot summer day the princess was taking a walk along the bank of the lily-strewn lake in her private garden. The wind blew the priceless silk fan out of her ivory hand into the water. It was a fan she had inherited from one of her ancient ancestors and she had to get it back. So she undressed and went into the lake. As she was about to come out of the water with the fan, she heard a laugh. She lifted up her head and looking around she saw a man hiding among the trees. The man was a political refugee.

The princess was angered at the daring of the man who had come into her garden, but she was pleased that her body had been seen and that she would not have to remain an old maid.

The man was arrested because he had been in a private garden, but he was acquitted of this offense and also of the political charge and he wed the princess. So the man became a prince and he lived happily with the princess forever and ever.

Had not Wong Wan-Lee seen the flesh of Pearl Chang through her thinly veiled dress? Yes. And he had even kissed her! He was sure that he would meet her again and love and happiness would be in store for him.

It was a hot summer's day but Wong Wan-Lee felt as though it were still May.

X

It happened that the manager of a dance hall came to the laundry and he had an advertising copy along with him in the form of a very nice, good-looking girl named Darling.

The manager twinkled his eyes and the copy smiled.

They gave Wong Wan-Lee the address of the dance hall before they left.

That very evening, when his laundry closed, Wong Wan-Lee went there, and he came to the place about half past eleven.

For ten cents he checked his overcoat and hat and for two dollars he bought dance tickets.

Then he stood near the railing of the dance floor.

He searched for the girl who had approached him in his laundry while her manager waited.

He found her.

He approached her.

"Do you remember me?" asked Wong Wan-Lee.

"Oh yes, my name is Darling."

Wong Wan-Lee took out two of the dance tickets and danced with the girl.

"You are very good-looking, Honey, I would do anything for you!" the girl complimented.

He put his right hand around her. It was below the back and above the buttocks.

He felt the smoothness of the girl's satin gown and the flesh underneath, which was soft and round and round.

He stretched out his left arm and his hand met the right hand of Darling.

His trunk was both connected and disconnected with Darling.

Between them there were two hot-water bags placed where Pearl Chang had her tennis balls. They were much larger and they were softer.

The lower part of his body had become a problem: if he drew back too far, it would be waste of money, and if he pushed too near—well, one could never tell.

While the music was playing, he pushed the girl in front of him into the midst of the mob.

He thought that now there would be nobody to see how he danced and nobody to have a chance to laugh at him.

He asked Darling some questions.

She came from the west coast, she said, she had thought that she might get a job in New York but it was as hard here as in the West. She worked in a dance hall where white boys went.

Since white boys could have the same pleasure free somewhere else, and there were not so many "suckers" around, she had changed to a place where Orientals were the main customers.

Wong Wan-Lee, dancing with Darling, circled the dance floor several times and tasted many things.

He touched Darling's lips.

He touched Darling's breasts.

Suddenly he remembered that his two dollars' worth of tickets might be used up, and so he lied to Darling that he was wearing a new pair of shoes, his feet hurt, and therefore he could not dance any more.

Darling took his word for it and stopped.

She went to the recorder at the center of the floor and returned saying:—"Twenty-five!"

Wong Wan-Lee handed her twenty tickets.

"Thank you! Five tickets more!" reminded the girl.

Wong Wan-Lee took fifty cents out of his pocket and rushed to the ticket-office to get more tickets.

On his way he put the fifty cents back and took out a dollar bill.

He bought ten tickets and handed them all to Darling.

"Thank you!" replied the girl with something more than her regular smile.

"Me, sport? Take you out, love?" he asked.

He thought he was a sport because he had spent two dollars and fifty cents for the dances and in addition to it he had also given her fifty cents' worth of extra tickets as a tip.

Darling, making no answer whatever, walked away.

"What, no scorn? No slap?" Wong Wan-Lee exclaimed.

It was said that scorn from a girl was favor and a slap was love. This little thing was so big-headed and he had thrown his three dollars into the water without making a sound.

He walked quietly to the railing of the dance floor and leaned over, having a free look.

He saw another fellow approach Darling, and, embracing, they danced.

He thought that the same story which had happened to him would be repeated, and "smoke came out of his eyes." He was jealous.

"How'd you make out? Unless you've danced with the girl fifty tickets, you have no chance even to ask her for a date!" a man told him casually.

"Your mother!" swore Wong Wan-Lee, "What is the difference between three dollars and five dollars! If I should try to save two dollars I would lose the three dollars for nothing! Who do you think I am? I'm Wong Wan-Lee!"

He touched his pocket.

He tightened his belt.

He took two dollars and bought the tickets.

He danced with the girl again.

Since Darling had just finished her dance with the other fellow, she was powdering her nose and she stood up and danced with him without saying anything.

Wong Wan-Lee danced.

While dancing, he contemplated how he would ask her for a date.

Darling danced.

While she danced, she contemplated how she might make a sucker of her partner.

"Can I take you out? Me, sport! I have spent five dollars!" Wong Wan-Lee told her. "You mean, you are going to spend two dollars for dancing this time? It's almost gone now. Let's quit. Come with me to the coffee counter, and we'll have coffee!" Darling answered like a square-shooter.

They walked to the coffee counter and drank coffee.

Wong Wan-Lee paid for it.

He then handed Darling a one-dollar bill from underneath the table. She took it and said "Wait for me downstairs when the place closes."

Wong Wan-Lee was happy that he was going to have a nice-looking girl out with him to talk about love.

From now on he looked at his wrist watch every minute.

Half-past two. The music went round and round much faster. The manager was calling: "Last few minutes. Everybody dance!" louder and louder.

Three o'clock. All the customers were taking their things from the check-room.

Wong Wan-Lee took his things and passed the doorway and went downstairs. He noticed many men standing aside with their hands in their pockets watching suspiciously. So he waited at the corner of the street.

He saw many yellow-faced fellows like himself wandering around impatiently.

A white-faced fellow stepped up to Darling and said gaily, "Honey, are you tired? Let's take a taxi!"

And Darling said to Wong Wan-Lee: "Good night, Chinky!" and the fellow said to him: "Hello, Charlie, where's your laundry?"

It happened that Wong Wan-Lee received an announcement from a Flower-Willow House and it read:

"Food and woman are two great wants of men.

"Food is to cure one's hunger and woman is to heal one's feeling and without food men would starve and without woman the world would be dry.

"We Chinese have been long away from home and we may see a wild flower standing at the corner of a street gazing at us and we might hear a singing bird and its sound would make our minds stir.

"If we are neither a piece of wood nor a bit of stone, can we help it?"

Could Wong Wan-Lee help it?

He decided to try, but he wondered which he should try—American or Chinese?

How could he enjoy himself if he could not understand what the girl was saying to him and all he could understand was "Chinky" or "Chinaman" as he had experienced it with Darling in the dance hall.

But a Chinese girl was expensive as had been stated in the announcement—five dollars.

Oh, that would be nothing.

Had not Wong Wan-Lee smoked?

At twenty-five cents for two packages of cigarettes, five dollars would be the price of only forty packages of cigarettes.

Had not Wong Wan-Lee drunk since he had tried it at the Chinese New Year celebration?

The price of beer was ten cents a glass.

Five dollars was merely the price of fifty glasses of beer.

Did not Wong Wan-Lee eat?

At fifty cents a meal, five dollars was only the price of ten meals.

Didn't Wong Wan-Lee pay his rent?

At twenty-five dollars a month, five dollars was only one-fifth of his monthly rent.

To be regular, respectful, moral and legal about sex he would have to go back to China as the native born Chinese girls were so few here. To go back to China?

It would cost at least fifty dollars from New York to San Francisco by bus and one hundred dollars for a steamship ticket from San Francisco to Canton.

To get married would cost at least a few hundred dollars.

What could one do when one was just coming back from a foreign country to his native place?

Eat, sleep, and travel!

Spend money.

To make it? No can do.

So even if he had a few hundred dollars he could only stay in China about one year and then go broke.

He would have to come back to America again.

When he would come back to America he would be different from what he had been when he had gone back to China. For he would have gone a single man and returned married with a family in China to support; and how could he think of being here himself and leaving his newly married one in China alone and how could he think of the fact that one day he might hear from his relatives that his wife had a first baby nine months after he had left. Oh, yes, that would be his baby. And another one two years after he had left—whose would that be?

An American *citizen's* wife who is not an American and whose husband is of Chinese origin is not allowed to come to America, while a wife of a Chinese *merchant* is admitted.

When all his thoughts were over, his action followed.

He went to the place according to the directions of the announcement.

No, he didn't hold the whole paper in his hand and he was just having a bit of it. He certainly didn't want any one to know that he had the announcement of a bad place and that he was going to visit the bad place himself.

He entered the building.

There was an open street and everything outside was going on as usual but in his mind he felt that something was wrong.

He climbed up one stair after the other and finally reached the door of the given number.

At the door there was a slip of paper and upon the paper there were four Chinese letters:

"Shang Lo Ping An" — "Up, Down, Peace, Safety."

It meant that peace and safety would be assured when one came in and went out of this door.

Wong Wan-Lee rang the bell and he heard the foot-steps inside but saw no one open the door.

Then he saw an eye peeping from inside of the door hole which was as large as a tea cup.

He hesitated and was ready to go away but the door opened.

He walked in through the passage and got into a living room. The man told him that the other room was busy and asked him to be seated on the sofa just for a few minutes.

He did.

But he was afraid that somebody inside might be one whom he knew and it would be very embarrassing.

Again he wanted to go out and he stood up and told the man that he had to go now and would certainly be back some other time.

The man didn't give him any sales talk but answered:

"Do what you please."

Wong Wan-Lee stayed.

The un-high-pressured salesman was a better salesman.

While the man was saying it, the other gentleman who might have heard what was being said outside speeded up, whispered a few words to the girl and walked out through the other door.

Wong Wan-Lee heard the door click and then a girl came out.

She looked at him but said nothing.

She went to the wash room and he heard the pouring of the water. There was a sound of soaping, so he guessed that the girl must be doing some washing.

Then the girl came out.

He noticed that the girl had her dress on but no stockings. She had on no shoes—just slippers.

The man murmured to Wong Wan-Lee quietly:

"Ching Li Mien"—please go in.

Wong Wan-Lee went into the other room.

In the room there was a table and a bed. There were a few chairs also.

At one corner of the room there was a closet. As it was full of dresses, he thought that this room must be also the place where the girl lived. Wong Wan-Lee looked at the bed and he noticed that on its cover there were wrinkles and he thought that the cover must have been disturbed.

There were not only wrinkles, but there was also a hollow. It was not only disturbed, he thought; it must have been high-pressured.

The girl went to the drawer and took a large towel from it and spread it on the bed cover.

While she was doing these things she was thinking of how much in tips she would get.

The price money went to the Turtle Duke for he had bought her in China and took her to America as his wife.

The tips were all she could keep and until she had two thousand dollars of the tip money, to buy herself back, she would have to remain as a slave—a slave of the day and a slave of the night.

The Turtle Duke was a Tong man and the Tong head had an ex-governor as his god-father.

XI

Pearl Chang met a waitress by name of Chen Wo-Far, and through Chen Wo-Far, she secured her job as a waitress of a Chinese restaurant in Chinatown.

To be a waitress in a Chinese restaurant in Chinatown was a rather fat job.

It was not because the restaurant owner paid so well. It was because a girl could get more tips in Chinatown than elsewhere.

Many customers were themselves waiters who came to Chinatown to visit friends or relatives on their days off. They tipped her and tipped her well, because they knew the tip was the chief thing she lived on. It was a sign of sympathy.

Many customers were laundrymen. The laundrymen gave her good tips because they were looked down upon by others and this was the way to show they were equal. It was a sign of protest.

Pearl Chang had worked in this restaurant for two weeks but at the end of the second week when she was dressed up and ready to go home the owner with an icy face said to her: "Look at your hair! Curly hair! Look at your lips! Heavy lips! Are you a Chinese?"

"I am. Otherwise how could I speak Chinese? My father is Chang Chung-Li."

"But your father alone did not make you. What is your mother?" demanded the owner.

"My mother is dead!"

"Dead or alive, what difference does it make? What was she?"

"I can ask her—no—no—how can I? She's dead." Pearl Chang was frightened.

"Your mother! Don't fool me. I don't want the reputation of my restaurant spoiled and my place made cheap!"

Pearl Chang, like a caught thief, could not say anything. She pulled her hat down to cover her hair. She bit her lips to make them look smaller. She put powder on her face to make it whiter.

"Say, your mother didn't do a good job on you. Now, it's too late! We Chinese are dark enough and don't want to become any darker. As I am a member of the Chinese Nationalist Party, I have to respect the national race-purity. You fooled me! You have spoiled my business on account of it. You have scorned my racial theory! Get out! Tomorrow, come no more!"

When an underdog was crushed by an upperdog, the underdog dared not do anything to stop this upperdog but picked out the bottom-dog for revenge.

Pearl Chang lost her job in the restaurant but she got a job as a bus-girl in a Chinese cafeteria on Broadway. She wore a very neat white uniform.

There were more Chinese cafeterias springing up in the city and the old fashioned Chinese restaurant gradually died out.

According to some, the Chinese restaurant was the result of American curiosity. When that curiosity was satisfied, Americans gradually forgot about Chop Suey and Chow Mein.

According to others, the Chinese restaurant was largely the result of American prohibition. When one had a bottle of bootleg liquor in his pocket, a Chinese restaurant was the place where one could go to drink, dine, dance and hang around. Now that the bars and night clubs were all over the city, they made Chinese restaurants much less necessary.

According to still others, the Chinese restaurant was the result of American prosperity. When one made more money one wanted to taste the Imperial dish and to be waited on and have someone run around to bring this and bring that. Now during the depression, people had scarcely enough money to buy bread; how could they aford Subgum Chow Mein and Quaifar Chop Suey?

The owners of restaurants hoped that prosperity would come back and people would again have money to spend.

The owners of restaurants hoped that war would break out. Everybody would make money then, and once again they would come upstairs for a good time.

The shrewdest restaurant-owner opened a Chinese cafeteria on the ground-floor so that everybody could spot the place, and did not have to climb upstairs. Also there would be no waiters to worry about (waiters and salesmen are bedbugs sometimes); while one got what one wanted and spent what one could. For the same price one used to pay for a sandwich and coffee, one now enjoyed a Court Special.

One Chinese cafeteria . . .

Another Chinese cafeteria . .

Another . . .

Another.

Chinese cafeterias needed Chinese girls to give the proper atmosphere, and there were few Chinese girls in the city.

Pearl Chang had lost her job in the Chinese restaurant in Chinatown because she was not a pure Chinese, but she got her job in this cafeteria because the owner thought that so long as Pearl Chang looked like a Chinese, the Americans would not know whether she was genuine or not.

Now she made ten dollars a week, and worked twelve hours a day.

XII

Because of the unpleasant experience Pearl Chang had had in the restaurant in Chinatown now she laughed little, talked little and moved her hands little; but she thought more.

She thought of how Wong Wan-Lee had often called her Mo No—no brain; she thought of how Wong Wan-Lee had pushed her away from his arm when they had walked in Chinatown to witness the Lion Dance at the Chinese New Year celebration; she thought of how Wong Wan-Lee had closed his eyes the time when she had kissed him; she thought of how Wong Wan-Lee had squeezed her breast, when she had been resting herself on the sofa, and his squeezing had been so hard that it had almost killed her; and also of how Wong Wan-Lee had frequently spoken of himself as a descendant of this emperor and that emperor in order to humiliate her and make her feel that she was merely a commoner!

All these thoughts passed thru her mind. And now her youth had passed away and she had reached her maturity.

She had not seen Wong Wan-Lee for some time.

Wong Wan-Lee didn't know why Pearl Chang had stopped coming. When he tried to call her up, the voice at the other end told him that she had moved away; and when he intended to write to her, he could not write, because she read no Chinese and he wrote no English.

Pearl Chang was really nice, he thought.

Whenever he had bought her a present, she had refused to take it. Whenever she had gone out with him, she had paid her own car-fare. When they had stopped in a cafeteria, she had paid for her own coffee.

The only things she had taken from him were two bags of Lee Chee nuts that had cost him ten cents each. Of course she had also accepted a few used Chinese stamps which were of no use to him anyhow.

Pearl Chang was really nice.

Wong Wan-Lee remembered the dream that he had had the first night he moved into his laundry and he remembered clearly what the angel had last said to him:

"Not until the day that I shall dress in red, will you be saved. You and I will then live happily together!"

He watched through the window of his laundry every day to catch sight of the one in the red dress.

Girls in red dresses did pass, and Wong Wan-Lee saw them. But no one of them was Pearl Chang.

XIII

Because of the persecution by the white laundries who spread rumors about the Chinese laundries, and posted ridiculing signs about them in their windows, Wong Wan-Lee had not only cut down prices, but also gave free services.

He darned socks. Where there was a small hole he used some thread and pulled the hole together. As he had thread of all colors, he could do the darning perfectly—without it being noticed. Where there was a bigger hole, he cut off cloth from discarded socks and mended with that.

When he noticed the buttons of shirts were off, he sewed new ones on.

He fixed up worn-out collars of old shirts, too.

When he noticed it, he used a razor-blade to cut off the collar, then he turned it over and sewed it on with a second-hand sewing machine.

Sometimes he did such work at the request of a customer. Sometimes he did it of his own accord. If it was done of his own accord he mentioned the fact when the customer came to get the package, to ensure that his labor did not go in vain.

At the beginning of the week, he would be idle because he had very little work. Yet he must be up at seven and close his door at ten o'clock at night.

At the end of the week, everybody wanted his laundry and he had to work even after midnight. When the milkwagon click-clacked outside the laundry, he wondered whether he, a man, or the horse worked harder.

He had to wash those dirty socks by hand. Oh, what a smell!

A few years ago, when he had been learning the trade in another laundry, he had noticed that most people changed their shirts and underwear every day and brought the soiled ones regularly to the laundry.

Now they changed their clothes every three or four days, or even once a week.

In times of prosperity, even a single person handed in a big package. Now a whole family handed in shirts and collars. Handkerchiefs, pillow-cases and underwear all disappeared.

When times had been good, people who came for their packages had had lots of paper currency. Now they put dimes, nickels and pennies together to make the payment.

Sometimes they could not pay even ten cents for their shirts and asked Wong Wan-Lee to give them credit.

A few came to him and said: "Charlie, I've got to go out and look for a job and I need car-fare. Let me have two-bits and since I have my laundry here you needn't worry!"

Wong Wan-Lee lent them the money, and they didn't come back. He had their laundry. But he couldn't use these packages to pay his rent!

Not only did he lose his debtors as customers but also as friends because when he saw one coming along the man always crossed the street in order to avoid him.

However, His Excellency, Wong Wan-Lee, the Chinese ambassador, was happy; for he thought that he might have gained a friend for China, though he had lost a friend of his own.

The regular price of a shirt in a Chinese laundry was fifteen cents in times of prosperity and was ten cents during the depression. But in a steam-laundry which used a machine for the ironing, since a machine works faster, the price was only five cents.

Because a steam-laundry had to take large quantities at a time and the machine was merciless towards the shirt, the shirt would die young. In the long run, the hand-laundry was cheaper than the steam-laundry.

But to his surprise the wagons of steam-laundries passed him every few hours and his business stood still. As the weather was very hot, it ought to have been better.

Alas, even in the laundry business, where handwork was supposedly preferred, machines also tended eventually to eat up men.

Wong Wan-Lee read the Chinese newspaper.

Wong Wan-Lee looked over the big letters—special news from China. Oh, what good news: China fights Japs (Summer, 1937).

Then he read the local news about his native province and about his village, and this made him sick with the longing to go home and fight.

Business was bad and the loanshark was always after him.

On Sunday he went to his Kung Shih Fang in Chinatown with the intent of borrowing some money.

Kung meant public, Shih meant business and Fang meant office.

It was the place where public business was transacted literally; but in practice it was to the employed members a club and to the unemployed a lodging house and dining room combined.

The membership dues were two dollars a month.

When one was working, two dollars was really a very small amount and when one was unemployed it would be a bargain for him as he could get a room to sleep in and a place to cook at the price of two dollars.

The Kung Shih Fang to the unemployed member was also an employment agency.

When one was staying in the Kung Shih Fang, if there was any job he would be the first to get the information and when he got his job he did not need to pay for the service.

The membership of the Kung Shih Fang was composed of the men who belonged to the same family. They had lived in the same Chinese village before they came to America and when they made enough and went back to China they would most likely roam around together here and there and be buried in the same cemetery when they died.

Because of this intimate relationship they could get credit from each other.

If one borrowed money from the other and could not pay it back himself his family in China would be responsible for him. If his family was poor, when his younger brother and children grew up they would pay.

If there would be no chance at all to get his money back and his loan had unintentionally turned into charity, the lender's benevolence would be remembered throughout the whole village and he would always be regarded as a most well-dressed man even if he had his rug on.

Wong Wan-Lee said "Have you eaten?" to everybody whom he met and said nothing of borrowing in particular to any one.

Suddenly a cousin of his by the name of Young Wong came in and yelled "Bad luck—two men have been killed!"

Skinny Wong had shot Fat Wong in the laundry at West Ninety-sixth Street.

Fat Wong owned the laundry and Skinny Wong had worked for him.

About two months ago there had been a hold-up in Fat Wong's laundry by two Filipinos and one worker was killed. One Filipino was caught. The other escaped.

Because of fear of the escaped Filipino's taking revenge, there was no one who dared to work for Fat Wong.

Skinny Wong had then just come out of the hospital and he needed money badly. He held his life in his hands as he worked for Fat Wong.

He was paid a few dollars more than at any other laundry but he bought a gun at his own expense.

Two months elapsed and there was no trouble and Skinny Wong didn't get killed or hurt.

Fat Wong began to feel sorry that he had paid Skinny Wong so much and he decided to economize: to fire Skinny Wong and to engage a new man at less pay.

Fat Wong fired Skinny Wong, and he fired Skinny Wong without notice.

Had not Skinny Wong taken a chance with his life?

Had not Skinny Wong spent his own money to buy the gun?

Had not Skinny Wong been entitled to receive the protection from New York State's Labor Law—one week's notice before the discharge?

Skinny Wong begged and Skinny Wong reasoned with Fat Wong, but Fat Wong didn't want to hear these things and he definitely warned Skinny Wong that if he said more he was going to inform the immigration office.

Skinny Wong had come to this country through Cuba and he had no papers. He was scared, yet he was angered.

He shot Fat Wong and turned the gun on his own temple.

Both were dead.

They were cousins.

Wong Wan-Lee finally opened his mouth and asked many cousins for a loan but he received nothing except air.

Now Wong Wan-Lee had to make some money—easy money, quick money, and he went out of the Kung Shih Fang to look for a gambling joint in Chinatown.

They were all gone.

The barkers who had stood in front of the building and murmured to every Chinese passer- by: "Pan Tan, Pai Keu upstairs!" had disappeared.

The gambling joints had moved somewhere else, Wong Wan-Lee was told.

He went to the section to which he was directed and came to a place where he saw English words marked on the window glass: "Chinese Grocery." But in the display, he could see no vegetables.

There were Chinese words on the window glass: "Those Who Want To Be Rich, Please Come In!"

Wong Wan-Lee went in.

But the inner door was closed.

Wong Wan-Lee knocked.

A few seconds later the inner door opened.

Wong Wan-Lee walked into the inner room.

An old man was sitting on a bench watching, and Wong Wan-Lee noticed that the inner door was differently constructed.

He walked into another inner room.

He saw people eating and one of them told him: "Eat free!"

He looked around and saw that all the windows were covered up with wooden boards; therefore nothing would be seen or heard from the outside.

There were two extra doors for emergency— fire escape or raid escape.

On one table a Pai Keu game was being played.

He was told that there was some trick in the handling of the dice and he did not think he was smart enough to make money in this game.

So he went to a table where the Fan Tan game was being played.

In Chinese Fan means "turn over" and Tan means "lying on the table."

The Houseman took a handful of white beans from the pan and put them on the table. Then a few more handfuls of beans. He used a rice bowl to cover them up and a chopstick to push them aside.

He moved the bowl to the center of the table and took his hands away.

"Come on, everybody bet!" he said.

There were four Doors:

The Earth Door—the side on which the Houseman sat.

The Heaven Door—the side opposite the Earth Door.

The Upper Door—the side to the left of the Houseman.

The Lower Door—the side to his right.

When the bowl was Fan—turned over—all the beans became Tan—lying on the table. Then the Houseman used a chopstick to push aside the beans, four by four.

If what finally remained on the table was one bean—the Heaven Door won.

If what remained on the table was two—the Upper Door won.

If what remained on the table was three—the Lower Door won.

If what remained on the table was four—the Earth Door won.

There were two ways to play. One was the "straight" and the other the "combination." Playing "combination" there would be less chance for one to lose; and playing "straight," one would get rich quicker—if he won, he would be paid three times the amount he had bet.

Wong Wan-Lee didn't play at first. He just watched.

Meantime, he was figuring:

He had fifty dollars.

Today was Sunday. He had to pay his rent Monday morning—twenty-five dollars. He would have only twenty-five dollars left. He had to pay ten dollars for the wet-wash. He would have fifteen dollars left. He had to pay the electric and gas bill—they came to fifteen dollars. It was even! But how was he going to pay the fourth instalment of ten dollars to the loanshark?

Wong Wan-Lee had to take a chance.

He took ten dollars out of his pocket and put the rest—forty dollars—into his sock.

He put it very far inside so that even if he would like to take it out, he could not.

Ten dollars was all he could spare to gamble with.

He saw the Heaven Door win one time after another, and he thought he might have had that ten dollars he needed to pay to the loanshark a long time ago, if he had not contemplated so much.

While he was still contemplating, the Heaven Door won again.

Wong Wan-Lee could not afford to contemplate any more. So he put five dollars on the winning Door. Before he put it out, however, he blew at the bill to get rid of any evil spirit there might be on it.

He watched breathlessly.

"Open!" the Houseman called.

"Just a minute!" someone cried and he put more money on the Heaven Door.

"Just a minute!" another cried and he shifted his bet from another Door to this one.

Wong Wan-Lee was happy because he felt he had made a right guess.

"Open!" the Houseman called again.

Everybody watched.

It opened. The Houseman had turned the bowl and the white beans were lying on the table.

He pushed away the beans four by four.

What remained on the table was exactly one bean.

The Heaven Door won again.

Wong Wan-Lee made fifteen dollars.

No, he didn't get fifteen dollars, he got only fourteen dollars and twenty-five cents, as the House had taken five per cent away from him as its cut.

Wong Wan-Lee had not wagered on the "combination" but had bet on "straight," therefore he had won so much.

Wong Wan-Lee was satisfied.

"The Heaven Door! The Heaven Door!" everybody whispered.

Wong Wan-Lee was listening and watching but he was ready to leave.

"Come on, the Heaven Door has become a Hot Door!" some told him in a very earnest manner.

Wong Wan-Lee postponed his leave-taking.

He saw that the Houseman was trying to limit the amount of bets put on the Heaven Door.

This effort on the part of the Houseman made the gamblers put more money on the Heaven Door, and the other Doors became empty.

"Open!" yelled the Houseman.

There were still more bets put on.

"Open!" yelled the Houseman.

There were more bets put on.

"If I do not take this chance, I will be a fool!" Wong Wan-Lee said to himself.

"And once for all!" Wong Wan-Lee had made up his mind and he put forward twenty- four dollars and twenty-five cents. He bet on the Heaven Door—the Hot Door—"straight."

"Open!" the Houseman made a last call and removed the bowl immediately.

Everybody watched with pale faces.

The Houseman used a chopstick to push the beans aside four by four, carefully and slowly.

The fewer the beans remaining on the table, the paler the gamblers became.

Wong Wan-Lee noticed a few run to the corner of the room despairing and cursing, even before one could make out what was what.

He stayed till all the beans were pushed away except the last set.

Four beans were left.

The House won.

Wong Wan-Lee lost the fourteen dollars and twenty-five cents he had won.

Wong Wan-Lee also lost ten dollars he had already owned.

He still had forty dollars in his sock.

He was sorry. He should have quit at the first round, but it was too late.

He pulled his hair.

He clenched his fingers.

He stood there like a wooden rooster and didn't know what to do!

Wong Wan-Lee watched.

The wind had again changed and now the Lower Door became a Hot Door.

There were many bills lying in front of the Hot Door.

The Houseman had the same face but the gamblers had become new.

"My ten dollars! It was hard-earned money! I must win it back!" Wong Wan-Lee said to himself.

He was himself getting hot.

He took out another ten dollars from his sock and pushed the remaining thirty dollars even further back into his sock.

He bet five dollars on the Lower Door—

"straight."

He won fourteen dollars and twenty-five cents.

He held the bills and change tightly and circled them around the leg of the table several times to make sure that luck would stick to him forever.

He was sorry that he hadn't had enough guts to make a larger bet.

He pulled his hair.

He clenched his fingers.

He waited.

The Upper Door became a Hot Door.

He bet twenty-four dollars and twenty-five cents!

But this time the luck was against him.

Wong Wan-Lee by this time was an old hand—he was not in the least excited.

He took another ten dollars out of his sock and made another bet—"straight."

The game opened.

Again he lost.

"Hell, what's the use of keeping that last twenty dollars!" Wong Wan-Lee talked to himself.

He intended to take the rest of his twenty dollars from his sock and take a chance with it.

But he had inserted the bills too far and he could not get at them.

He went to the washroom and took off his shoe, then his sock, and finally the twenty dollars were in his hand.

He hurried back to the table.

He put all his twenty dollars on the Hot Door and played "straight."

Wong Wan-Lee won.

Wong Wan-Lee was a hero in the eyes of his fellow gamblers because he played courageously in an effort to regain his losses. Although he was very hesitant in his mind, the decisions he made were always bold ones.

Wong Wan-Lee was the winner!

The winner! ! !

He won back what he had lost and besides he won twenty-seven dollars as profit. So now he had seventy-seven dollars in hand!

He gave away many quarters to others for good luck and he was satisfied and he was ready to leave.

But he thought the matter over, and advised himself. Why not make his whole amount a hundred? It was only twenty-three dollars more!

He tried again.

He lost on the Hot Door; he bet on the Cold Door. He lost on the Cold Door; he bet on the Hot Door. But all were against him.

He bet on "straight"; he bet on "combination"—and it made no difference—he had no luck.

Wong Wan-Lee had helped the gambling house, the gunman, the police, the politicians, but he had nothing at all left in his pocket.

He had not even carfare to go home. So he walked.

Now he was not in the least worried about the loanshark; he was not in the least worried about the second threat of the House Inspector.

XIV

The water had dried and now came the rock bottom.

Wong Wan-Lee's ironing machine was taken away by the loanshark, for he could not meet the weekly payment.

Wong Wan-Lee's laundry was forced to close, for he could not raise another fifty dollars to pay the House Inspector.

He had hoped that business in his laundry would jump from sixty a week to a hundred a week; then he would be able to sell the laundry for a thousand dollars.

He had hoped that he would have enough money to finish paying off the two thousand dollars he had spent in his fight to retain his citizenship status as an American.

He had hoped that he would have enough money to return to China.

He had hoped that when he got home, lots of old men in his village would introduce their pretty daughters to him and he would look at them carefully and pick one who was a beauty, not because of her sleeveless dress but because she was a real beauty.

He had hoped that he would be married, not in the old fashion, but in front of the mayor grouped with other couples, and have his picture taken and radioed all over the world.

He had hoped that he would honeymoon not in his native village, but in the West Lake in the neighborhood of Shanghai.

He had hoped that he would have not only enough money to marry with but also enough to live on comfortably.

He had hoped that he would have plenty of male children and when they grew up they would all be rich.

As a father of rich men, he accordingly would be rich.

He would contribute half of his riches to buy airplanes to beat back the Japs and save China from being a colony, so that it should remain the Great Middle Kingdom forever.

He had hoped this.

He had hoped that.

Now all his hope had gone with his laundry.

XV

From a waiter of a Chinese restaurant to the owner of a Chinese laundry and from the owner of a Chinese laundry, Wong Wan-Lee now became a bus-boy in a Chinese cafeteria.

He worked in the same cafeteria where Pearl Chang worked.

Twelve hours a day.

Ten dollars a week.

He might get more than what he had made in his own laundry but what went on in his mind was changed.

There was no more vanity and he had to put on a uniform and he was exactly a servant.

There was no more hope and his wages were all he could get; no tips were available.

Poor Wong Wan-Lee, who had made no ten thousand fortunes, was a failure; but his cousin Wong Lung had made a million and had become the hero of The Good Earth—Horatio Alger!

Poor Pearl C, who had become no star, was a failure; but her cousin Pearl B, had married her boss, a publisher.

The thing that made him feel better was that, though he had lost his laundry, the two Chinese laundry associations had stopped their quarrel and merged into one. Through this new organization, the other Chinese laundrymen from now on would be protected by it, and would not be mistreated by the corrupt politicians and greedy loansharks as he had been.

The thing that made him feel better was that, according to what he read in the Chinese paper, the Chinese Communists and Nationalists were reconciled, and China and Russia again became friends to fight the Japanese, and America made a loan to China and sold her many, many airplanes.

Mo No!

The thing that made him feel better was that he was now working together with Pearl Chang and he could see her every day.

In this cafeteria, there were two white bus-girls besides Pearl Chang, since there were not enough Chinese girls. To have white girls, the boss thought, would be good for business in a way.

There were two white bus-boys besides Wong Wan-Lee. When white men worked in the place, the boss thought, the white customers would behave better.

When the boss talked to the Chinese workers, he would say the whites were no good. The whites were jealous of the Chinese—a yellow race. When the boss talked to the white workers, he would say that "Chinks" were no good—easy-going, weeping too much. He was an Internationalist and was doing his best to create jobs for poor men.

He advertised in a radical paper that he was a radical and he advertised in Hearst papers that he was a true American and a friend of Hitler. He sold an established Chinese cafeteria to an American and he bought a bankrupt American cafeteria from an American and opened a new Chinese one.

The boss was a very rich man: he had two gambling houses, two wet-wash companies, one pool room, and one noodle factory, besides his new enterprise—Chinese cafeterias.

The boss was a charitable man: he gave free meals to the Chinese who came to the gambling houses—you did not have to gamble—and he gave free excursions to the Chinese who came to the boat in the summer—you did not have to gamble.

The boss was a cautious man: he wore, even when there was no Tong War, a steel vest.

The boss was a ruthless man: he could smile at you and talk to you one minute and fix you up another minute.

But he had never killed anybody himself for he was always good-hearted enough to let some other fellow have a chance to make eight hundred dollars a head.

Because of the capital he had and the shrewdness of his business management, his pocketbook grew fatter and fatter.

When Chinatown raised money to send back to defend China against the Japanese, he contributed nothing.

Oh, what a charitable, what a patriotic man he was!

The workers who worked in this cafeteria grew thinner and thinner.

And there was a strike.

One day Wong Wan-Lee, "the descendant of the great Huang Ti, the great-great-grandson of the Han Dynasty, the great-grandson of the T'ang Dynasty, the grandson of the Sung Dynasty and the son of the Ming Dynasty," and Pearl Chang, "the future movie star" and many other workers quit their jobs and paraded in front of the Chinese cafeteria in which they worked.

Wong Wan-Lee was not afraid of the boss of the cafeteria as a boss. But he was afraid that he was a Tong man. However, he joined.

All the workers in this cafeteria paraded.
The workers in the other cafeterias joined:
The white, the yellow and the black,
The ones between yellow and black,
The ones between yellow and white,
And the ones between white and black.
They were marching on, singing their song:
The song of the white,
The song of the yellow,
The song of the black,
The song of the ones who were neither yellow nor white,
The song of the ones who were neither yellow nor black,
The song of the ones who were neither black nor white,
And the song that knows nothing of white, yellow or black.

They wanted better wages.

They wanted shorter hours.

The author of *Poems of the Chinese Revolution*, *China Red* and *The Hanging on Union Square*, also participated, for he thought that, since he had written so much about revolution, he had better do something about it. And picketing is a revolution in a small way.

He had been warned, watched, and finally bounced out by the owner of this cafeteria while he had been trying to peddle his books inside. What a joy it would be for him to see this cafeteria have trouble and eventually be unionized! Furthermore, since the few fakers of letters were trying to fix him up, it would be well for him to vindicate himself—not in leafletting, but in action.

As the Party line had been changed, and Earl Browder was smoking a cigar instead of a tobacco pipe, our author, as a sympathizer and follower, had just had a fresh haircut.

By now, our author had secured a publisher for his fourth book, and the publisher was taking a deep interest in observing the moves of his writer—hoping the author would get his head clubbed so his picture would appear in the papers and, by-productingly, his books be mentioned.

Wong Wan-Lee and Pearl Chang marched together. They had to, for the cops were yelling: "Two by two! Keep moving!"

When the mass demonstration was over the strikers paraded in shifts of two.

Wong Wan-Lee and Pearl Chang were in the same shift.

Everything was quiet. Suddenly there came a shot! Another and then another.

Pearl Chang thought they were either firecrackers or tires bursting, but she saw a Chinese running away.

Wong Wan-Lee screamed and then dropped unconscious on the sidewalk.

Pearl Chang saw blood flowing from Wong Wan-Lee's breast: it colored all his clothes.

She took her white skirt and sopped some blood with it. Then, kneeling, she lifted his head into her lap.

It reddened her dress.

Wong Wan-Lee regained consciousness a little and he saw Pearl Chang sitting there in a red dress.

Was she the angel whom Wong Wan-Lee had once met in his dream and had thought of meeting ever since?

Some one had called the ambulance and it was on its way.

Wong Wan-Lee ground his teeth together and clutched his hands to his wound.

"You brave Tong man, why should you run away like a rat? Come on...I'm still here! Now Japanese robbers are killing Chinese. Why should a Chinese bullet be wasted on a Chinese! Tong! Tong! Tong! Be what you were—a benevolent association! China! Face!" he shouted.

For the sake of China and for the sake of face, the Tongs had not waged any warfare for quite a few years, and at this hour, when it was checked by all the Tongs, no one of them knew anything about the case.

The shooting was mysterious!

It was mysterious indeed.

Maybe it was done by a Japanese from the Mikado's agency, the consulate on Fifth Avenue.

Who knows?

It was finally checked up and found out that the shooting was done by a Japanese agent.

Why?

Because:

Wong Wan-Lee had picketed the Japanese Consulate on 5th Ave. a few days ago with thousands and thousands of New York Chinese and Americans against the Japanese invasion in China, and Wong

Wan-Lee was the one who had made the most noise; the Japanese agent tried to kill him in revenge; and the agent further thought that the real killer could never be discovered as Japanese looked just like Chinese and the picketing was a fight between Chinese; this, therefore, would lead the "Mo No" Americans to believe that this shooting was undoubtedly done by Chinese; it would prove that the Chinese were killing each other here in America, and Chinese, no matter where they were, would never be united; and, further, the Japanese agent thought that since the American Government would thus be shown to have failed in maintaining peace and order in America, it would be perfectly all right for the Japanese to send their "Izumos" and "Tanakas" to America to maintain peace and order for Americans; and if the American Government dared to protest or dared to resist the Japanese God-given good-will, the Japanese would have to bombard New York City and other American cities from land, sea and air, just as they were doing now in China to give the Americans a valuable lesson; for the Mikado was the Son of God as it has long been humbly claimed by the Japanese ruling clique; and within the Universe the Son of God could certainly do whatever he pleased for justice, humanity and the Good-Neighbor Policy of the world.

The siren of the ambulance was wailing.
The crowd pressed closer.
The siren of the ambulance was wailing.
The crowd was making way.

Wong Wan-Lee's eyelids wavered. His lips curled. He said to Pearl Chang:

"Hello, Movie Star!"

"You said it," answered Pearl Chang, "was I not moving as I walked back and forth here? Am I not a star since hundreds and hundreds of eyes are fixed on me now? My dear Wong Wan-Lee—ten thousands of fortunes—what have *you* now?"

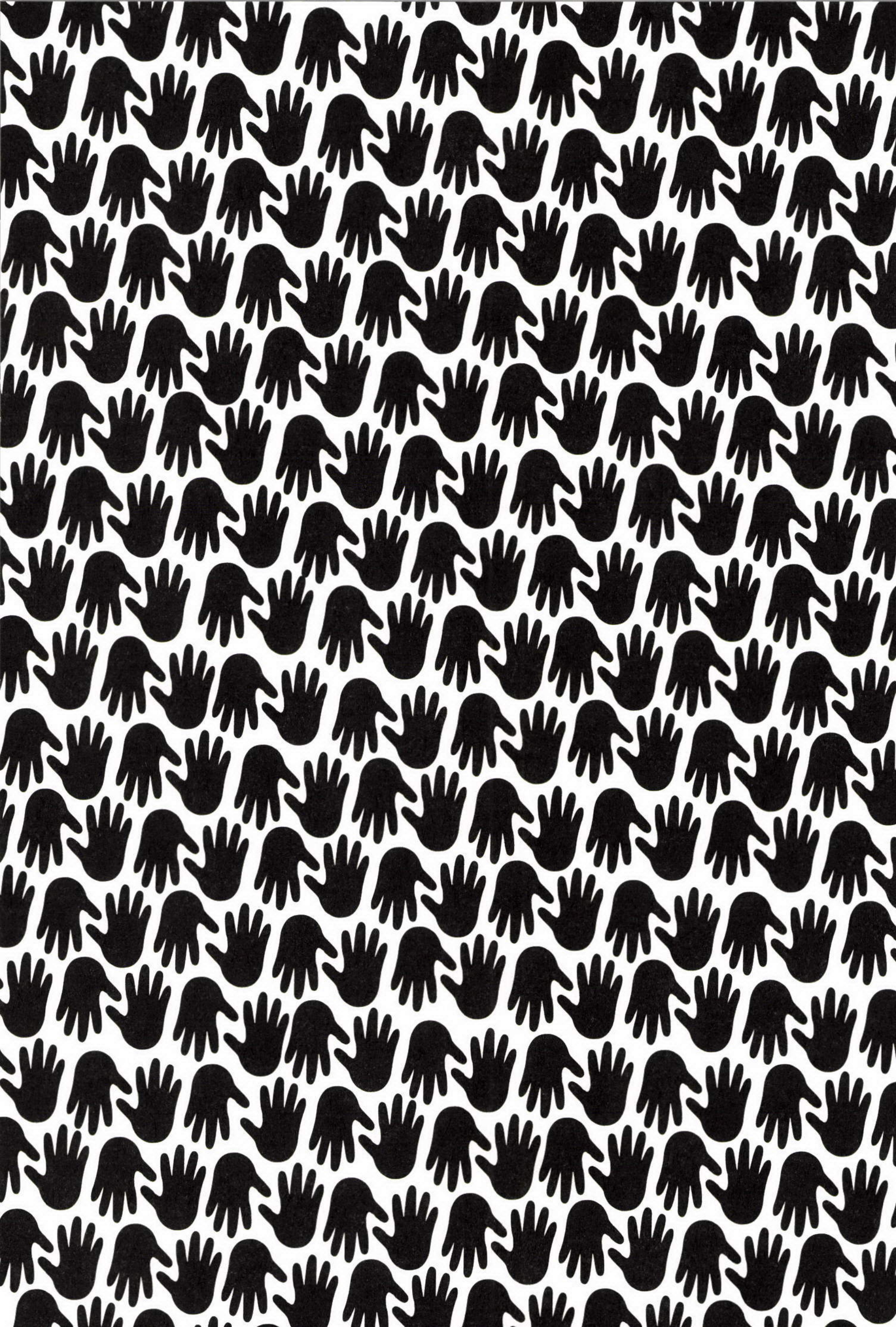
"My dear angel," he answered, "the Chinese Reds now have one-fifth of the whole Chinese population and one-sixth of the whole Chinese territory. In the years to come they shall have more, more and endlessly more and as I'm the one who works for my rice and I'm a Chinese, so I'm the boss and I'm the owner!" Wong Wan-Lee forgot his pain and the flowing of blood from his wound. He yelled:

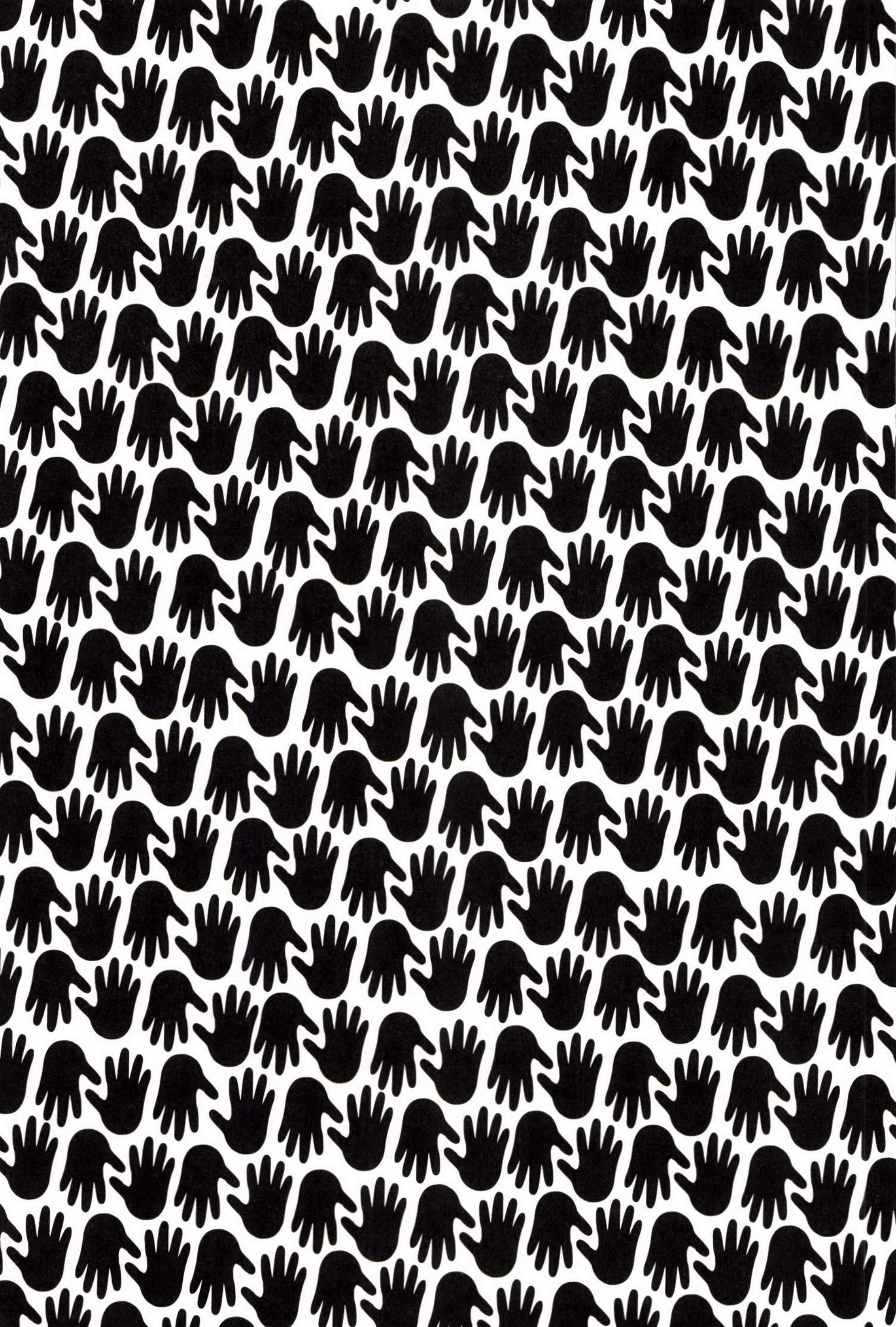
"I have no ten thousand fortunes,
But I'll have China!
Yes,
Oh, yes,

Red
Or no red,
China
Unite!
Woe to her foe—
Mikado!
Up, China now stands,
And China Has Hands—

Eight
Hundred
Million
Hands!"

FINIS.





Endnotes

Note on Chinese Language: Throughout, H.T. Tsiang uses non-standard romanizations for what can be recognized as Mandarin or Cantonese. Tsiang grew up in Jiangsu Province speaking Mandarin, but in the U.S. would have learned much Cantonese from the more numerous southern Chinese immigrants who spoke the latter. I have included pinyin versions of selected phrases in the following notes.

Front Matter: "(An Odyssey of a Chinese Coolie)" – This epic, if it was ever written, has not been found. "Coolie" was a pejorative term for a Chinese worker that implied indentured servitude.

Dedication: "To the Death of the Japanese Empire" – *New York Times* editorial writer Simeon Strunsky argued similarly on October 30, 1937, in his piece "Ready to Die," part of his "Topics of the Times" column.

p. 19: "Chinese lucky saying: 'I Pen Wan Lee!'" – The pinyin spelling of this common saying is *yi ben wan li.*

p. 20: "the other expense" — In order to circumvent the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882, some immigrants incurred the expense of having to purchase papers claiming to be the sons of Chinese American fathers who possessed U.S. citizenship. For a detailed explanation of the "paper son" system, see Madeline Yuan-yin Hsu, *Dreaming of Gold, Dreaming of Home: Transnationalism and Migration between the United States and South China, 1882-1943* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2000), 74-85.

p. 21: "bought an established laundry from another Chinese laundryman" — By 1920, more than a quarter of all Chinese workers in the United States were in the laundry business. The classic study is *The Chinese Laundryman: A Study of Social Isolation* by Paul C. P. Siu and edited by John Kuo Wei Tchen (New York: New York University Press, 1988). Chinese immigrated to California during the Gold Rush, but discriminatory laws such as the Foreign Miners Act of 1850 forced Chinese out of mining and into occupations open to them including laundrywork and food preparation, which conventionally women would have taken, were it not for their scarcity in the developing west.

p. 25: "No tickee, no washee" — This stereotypical phrase was in common enough use by 1931 that Archer Taylor translated it as "without the essential prerequisite [ticket], a desired object cannot be obtained [wash]" (qtd. in Wolfgang Mieder, "'No Tickee, No Washee': Subtleties of a Proverbial Slur," *Western Folklore* 55 [1996]: 2). The addition of the long "e" sound to stereotypical renderings of pidgin English as supposedly spoken by Chinese was popularized by such poems as Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee" (1870). This sound pattern has its origin in the fact that there are few words that end in consonants in spoken dialects of Chinese; hence some speakers leave off the consonant when pronouncing English words or add a vowel sound such as the long "e" — though in reality the sound is more often a schwa. The leaving off of the "ese" in "Chinese," however, especially resonated with the many readers of Harte's poem.

p. 26: "*Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio*" — A classic in Chinese literature by Pu Songling (1640-1715). The title in pinyin is *Liaozhai Zhiyi*. This collection of nearly five hundred "marvel tales" features ghosts, demons, animals, and common people. All can be read as implicit critiques of social institutions of the time such as the feudal government and the civil examination system.

p. 28: "Huang Ti" — Qin Shi Huangdi (260-210 BCE), first emperor of China (220-210 BCE) and founder of the Qin Dynasty, formerly called the "Chin Dynasty," from which the name "China" is derived. Han Dynasty (206 BCE-220 CE). Tang Dynasty (618-907 CE). Song Dynasty (960-1279 CE). Ming Dynasty (1368-1644 CE). Tellingly, the Qing Dynasty, which took over in 1644 CE, is omitted because it was not considered a native Chinese dynasty, but rather an invading force. Wong Wan-Lee repeats the prouder, pre-1644 lineage for much of the novel, perhaps to reassure himself that he is not so isolated and vulnerable as lone laundry-workers were sometimes made to feel. Cultural pride may serve as a salve for personal pain. In the end, Wong overcomes isolation by combining patriotism with leftism when he protests against both the Japanese invasion of China and the exploitation of cafeteria workers in New York.

p. 28: "uncivilized devils" — Cantonese speakers sometimes referred to Euro-Americans as *guilao* which can be translated as "ghost men" or "foreign devils." This term has a tinge of xenophobia but remains in common usage even today.

p. 29: "special news from China, and it was all bad news (Winter, 1936)." — Japanese forces had invaded much of northern China by this time. Chiang Kai-Shek offered little resistance and instead arrested seven leaders of the National Salvation Association, an organization that advocated a military response to Japanese imperial aggression. This is "bad news" to Wong Wan-Lee, who, like Tsiang, wanted the Chinese government to stop persecuting its own people and mount a concerted resistance against the Japanese invasion.

p. 32: "You savvy!" — Or, "You understand!" This saying is a variation on "no savvy," meaning "I don't understand," which is derived from the U.S. adaptation of a Spanish phrase, "no sabe."

p. 33: "Ku-Niang" — The pinyin spelling is *gu niang*.

This title literally means "girl" but can be understood as "Miss," though the pinyin for the more formal term would be *xiao jie*.

p. 34: "Lee Chee" – An alternative spelling for "lychee," a fruit native to southern China.

p. 35: "Chun Kou Ren" – Or *zhongguo ren*, "person of the Middle Kingdom," a Sinocentric term reflecting the notion that China is at the center of the civilized world.

p. 36: "Since the Chinese in the South have money" – For more information on the socio-economic positioning of Chinese Americans in the U.S. South, see James Loewen, *The Mississippi Chinese: Between Black and White* (Long Grove, IL: Waveland Press, 1988), Moon-Ho Jung, *Coolies and Cane: Race, Labor, and Sugar in the Age of Emancipation* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 2006), and Leslie Bow, *Partly Colored: Asian Americans and Racial Anomaly in the Segregated South* (New York: New York University Press, 2010). Chinese Americans were recruited to the South after the Civil War to perform agricultural labor. Initially, they socialized with and were classed among Blacks. Taking advantage of existing racial hierarchies and exclusions specific to this region, however, some Chinese Americans eventually discovered economic opportunities not open to Blacks in the South or Chinese Americans in other regions of the country. Hence people such as Pearl Chang's father were able to make money, for instance, in the grocery business.

p. 37: "she had frequently met the same persecution" — Pearl Chang is a mixed-race person in a world dominated by contradictory ideologies of racial "purity" (interracial marriage was illegal in many states until 1967) and the "one-drop rule" (i.e. any Black heritage entails Black racialized identity). Rather than face persecution as Black, she chooses to pass as Chinese, which, according to James Loewen, seemed preferable to many mixed-race individuals, in spite of other complications explored in this book.

p. 41: Gertrude Stein — Gertrude Stein (1874-1946), American expatriate author of such works as *Tender Buttons* (1914) and *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* (1933). In 1934, Michael Gold, the editor-in-chief of the leftist journal *New Masses,* critiqued Stein as a decadent artist unconcerned about the plight of workers and insulated by her upper-class status. He saw in her work "extreme symptoms of the decay of capitalist culture" (Michael Gold, "Gertrude Stein, A Literary Idiot" in *Critical Essays on Gertrude Stein*, ed. Michael J. Hoffman (Boston: G. K. Hall, 1986), 76-78.

p. 41: "his previous works would be put again on the market" — All of Tsiang's books before *And China Has Hands* were self-published and hand-sold on the streets of New York and at workers' rallies. He hoped that by having a traditional publisher, Robert Speller, release his latest novel, he would be able to access a larger market. Speller must have been on shaky ground, however, since it went on hiatus from 1938 until 1957. Tsiang's correspondence, which is held among the Rockwell Kent Papers, includes evidence of his many attempts in the 1940s to find a more established publisher for his books, including, among others, John Day, the publisher of Pearl Buck's *The Good Earth*.

p. 42: "They seldom see a Chinese girl" — The Page Law, passed by Congress in 1875, was designed ostensibly to prevent the immigration of prostitutes, but had the effect of discouraging Chinese women from applying for emigration to the United States. The Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882 and later the National Origins Act of 1924 made most forms of Chinese immigration illegal and were intended to prevent Chinese already in the country from settling and starting families. In 1930, the male-female ratio of Chinese Americans was 4:1.

p. 43: "Would it not be nice if he kept his pigtail" — The pigtail was an out-of-date sign of Chinese identity, due to the Qing (Manchu) Dynasty custom of requiring all Chinese male subjects to maintain a partially shaved head and a queue. As early as the late-nineteenth century, many Chinese Americans cut off their queues, suggesting either anti-Manchu sympathies, or perhaps just a desire to assimilate more fully into American society. Few wore queues after the Chinese Revolution of 1911, and even the last Emperor of China, Puyi, cut off his queue in

1922. Hence, Pearl Chang's image of Chinese identity has been shaped by dated, even stereotypical, representations in dominant American media.

p. 45: "Chao Sung-Shua" – Zhao Songquan, painter and native of Jiangsu Province, was born in 1914.

p. 46: "The Book of Changes" – Compiled before the eleventh century BCE, *The Book of Changes* – more commonly known as the *I Ching* – is one of the five classics of Confucianism. Besides explaining the principles of yin and yang, the book describes methods for divining the future. The Robert Speller edition printed the title as "The Book of Chang," which may have been an inside joke or a typographical error.

p. 53: "Diu Hah" – Or *diu hai*, a vulgar Cantonese expression referring to sexual intercourse.

p. 55: "he was told that America was full of gold" – Many Cantonese called America "Gam Saan," literally "Gold Mountain," since gold was discovered in California in 1848. The pinyin spelling is *jin shan*.

p. 55: "Manchu Emperor" – Another reference to the Qing Dynasty: 1644-1911 CE. In 1645, Manchu rulers ordered all Chinese men to shave the front of their heads and wear a queue as a sign of their allegiance.

p. 56: "gandy dancer" – A gandy dancer is a member of a railroad track-laying team. The word "gandy" is of uncertain origin but may be associated with the Gandy Manufacturing Company, a maker of railroad repair equipment, whose existence has not been verified. Many Chinese (who had first came to the United States in large numbers during the Gold Rush, but were forced by the Foreign Miners Tax of 1850 and other forms of discrimination to seek other employment) provided manual labor for the building of the transcontinental railroad. After the railroad was completed in 1869, thousands of Chinese were once again seeking employment in areas such as railway maintenance, food service, gardening, and cleaning.

p. 56: "Dr. Sun Yat-Sen" — Dr. Sun Yat-Sen (1866-1925), statesman and revolutionary leader, toppled the Qing Dynasty (and thus the Manchu Emperor) and founded the Chinese Republic in 1911. Upon his arrival in America on April 6, 1904, Chinese members of the Society to Protect the Emperor publicly condemned him. He spent the rest of the year touring the U.S. and soliciting funds and support from overseas Chinese, from whom he received little support. (Marie-Claire Bergere, *Sun Yat-Sen*, Janet Lloyd, trans. [Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1998], 125-127.)

p. 64: "Large sheets were always a bother" — Tabloids, or newspapers printed on sheets of paper half the size of broadsheets, existed in the United States as early as the 1870s but rose in prominence in the 1920s. Some, like

Photoplay, specialized in promoting celebrity culture by featuring alluring photographs and paintings of movie stars. Others, like the *New York Daily News,* reported on "nudes and sheiks and racing horses, knife-battles, mobs, kidnapping clues, fire-setting fiends, love theft, divorces ... true stories, contests and some sex" (Guy Reel, "A Dozen Best: A Dirty Dozen: Twelve Of The 'Best' Tabloids of All Time," *American Journalism* 27 [2010]: 142). In general, tabloids were considered more populist, while broadsheet newspapers were considered more conservative.

p. 67: "Le Roy S. Weatherby and Miss Sheila Murray" — Weatherby was a professor of organic chemistry at the University of Southern California, and Murray was a research assistant in biochemistry there.

p. 71: "The high-heeled shoes made Pearl Chang's feet small without foot-binding." — As early as the 10th century and up until the mid-20th century, some girls and women in China bound their feet as a sign of their leisure class and beauty. Significant movements rose to oppose this practice in the late 19th century, such as Kang Youwei's Anti-Footbinding Society in 1883. Many considered it debilitating and culturally retrograde. Tsiang protested against foot-binding when he was a youth activist in China.

p. 72: "Wong Wan-Lee's club" — In Chapter 13, Wong describes his club or tong in greater detail. Originally, tongs were fraternal organizations designed for mutual aid in a foreign land. They provided opportunities for networking, small loans, and general companionship. Some also participated in politics and what some authorities identified as crime. See p. 76 and p. 77 notes for more on this.

p. 72: "the year of Chun Chow—the middle land" — This combination of words is baffling. "Chun" or *zhong* can mean "middle," but "Chow" does not mean "land," unless Tsiang meant *zhou*, which means "continent." 1937 was the Year of the Ox, which is represented by a character that is romanized in pinyin as *chou*.

p. 73: "The Chinese New Year is about one month later than the American" — Using the lunar calendar, Chinese mark the beginning of the New Year on the first new moon between January 21 and February 20.

p. 76: "Tong man" — Tongs were originally formed as fraternal societies for mutual aid and political resistance, but in both China and the United States, some operated as criminal organizations. American popular media tended to envision these as sinister and violent.

p. 76: "Don Don Chan!" — Onomatopoetic rendering of the sound of two strikes on a drum followed by a cymbal crash.

p. 76: "Chinese salute" — This could be the gesture of respect that some martial artists perform by bringing together one's open left hand over the right fist.

p. 76: "Chinese boxing" — Kung fu.

p. 77: "Tong war" — Rival tongs sometimes clashed over territory and for other reasons. American popular media fixated on these occasional violent clashes and ignored the more routine, peaceful functions of tongs such as providing mutual aid and advocating for political change.

p. 77: "Hatchet Man" — Pearl Chang is referring to the 1932 film *The Hatchet Man,* starring Edward G. Robinson in yellowface as the titular character, the most skilled assassin of his tong. This reinforces the idea that Pearl's—and most Americans'—views of Chinese are shaped by stereotypes in the media.

p. 78: "Kung Ho Hsin Hsi...Happy New Year!" — The pinyin spelling is *gong he xin xi*, literally "congratulations on the new year."

p. 78: "Ch'ing Li Mien...Please come in!" — The pinyin spelling is *qing rumen*.

p. 78: "slips of red paper" — Worshippers could record on these auspiciously colored pieces of paper their donations to a temple in someone's honor or for a particular occasion.

p. 78: "long-bearded man, the God of Fortune" — Zhao

Gongming, one of the most common representations of the God of Fortune, is often depicted with an iron rod in one hand and a gold ingot in the other.

p. 79: "Wo Ka Pi" — The pinyin spelling of this 110 proof liquor is *wu jia pi.*

p. 79: "Kan I Pi . . . Bottoms up!" — The pinyin spelling is *gan yibei.*

p. 79: "Chinese Cheese" — Fermented bean curd, or tofu.

p. 83: "mission house" — Located on 5-7 Doyers Street, this was one of many rescue missions around the country that provided emergency shelter and food to those suffering from economic hardship.

p. 84: "Metropolitan Museum of Oriental Art" — Various museums of curiosity were located in the Bowery during the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Tsiang appears to making fun of one by associating it with the Metropolitan Museum of Art on Fifth Avenue.

p. 91: "the Emperor Ban Ku who with an ax opened the sky and made the ground" — In this Chinese creation myth, Pangu had lain asleep inside the darkness of an egg for 18,000,000 years. After awakening, he cracked the top of the egg and created the sky. Matter from inside the egg settled to the bottom, forming the earth.

p. 92: "...Emperors and Emperors, and they were all the ancestors of me" — The Three August Ones, god-like beings who were considered to be mythical emperors of China, include Fu Xi ("Pu Hsi"), who taught people how to fish, domesticate animals, and write; Shennong ("Sheng Noun"), who taught people how to farm; and Suiren ("Shu Ren"), who taught people how to use fire. The Five Emperors, legendary sage-kings, include Huangdi ("Huang Ti"), also known as the Yellow Emperor, who taught his people how to build wooden houses, carts, and weapons such as the bow and arrow; and the emperors Yao, Shun, and Ku, who established the legendary Xia Dynasty. Emperor Tang Shang conquered the Xia to establish the rule of the Shang Dynasty.

p. 92: "Chow Dynasty" — An idiosyncratic spelling of the Zhou Dynasty (c. 1046 BCE–256 BCE), which did indeed practice a kind of land management such as that described in Tsiang's novel, though it was feudalist and certainly not communist.

p. 93: "'kow-towed'" — The pinyin spelling of this gesture of submission, which involves kneeling and touching one's head to the ground, is *koutou*.

p. 95: "Huns and the Five Hu's" — The Huns were a nomadic people who ranged throughout Central Europe and Central Asia between 100 CE and 700 CE. The barbarian tribes of the Five Hu—or Wu Hu—conquered parts of northern China from about 200 BCE until 600

CE. Both used bows and arrows to defeat their enemies, who wielded shorter range weapons.

p. 95: "the white laundrymen had to spread rumors" — The Chinese Hand Laundry Alliance (CHLA) was initially formed to fight such rumors and discriminatory measures, which were backed by the emerging, mostly white-owned, machine laundry industry.

p. 96: "Five-and-Ten grandfather" — Pearl momentarily imagines herself in the position of Barbara Hutton, whose maternal grandfather, F.W. Woolworth, founded an empire of five-and-ten cent stores at the turn of the 20th century. Hutton's portion of the Woolworth fortune amounted to more than $40 million by 1933, when she married the polo-playing Russian prince Alexis Mdivani, who had been living in poorer circumstances than his station might warrant.

p. 96: "Vegetables weaken the Chinese race, and meats make a man brutal and able to kill!" — Some U.S. commentators characterized Chinese as effeminate rice-eaters and Euro-Americans as masculine meat-eaters, although they also complained that rice was a cheaper diet and could lead to the downfall of those who ate more expensive food. See Samuel Gompers and Herman Gutstadt, *Meat vs. Rice: American Manhood Against Asiatic Coolieism: Which Shall Survive?* (1902; San Francisco: Asiatic Exclusion League, 1908).

p. 105: "Yamen" — In pre-revolutionary China, a yamen was where local law enforcement officials maintained their headquarters. Functions emanating from a yamen included policing, tax collecting, and other bureaucratic encounters at the local level.

p. 105: "Pig-Head-Three" — Cantonese slang pejorative for a simpleminded person that can be transliterated as *zhu tou sing*. The use of "sing" in place of the actual word for three—"san"—functions for reasons of sound and convention.

p. 108: "Dragon-Beard tea" — The name for a highly valued tea made from the herb jiaogulan. At the very least, it was believed to increase oxygen uptake and at most to increase chances for immortality.

p. 117: Dr. Hansu Yang — Possibly Hsi-Kun Yang (1910-2000), who was born in the same province as Tsiang, and who came to the U.S. to study at Columbia University. Yang went on to become a diplomat in the service of Chiang Kai-Shek. From 1979-1989, he served as Taiwan's ambassador to South Africa.

p. 124: "Your mother!" — A common Chinese obscenity.

p. 126: "a Flower-Willow House" — A conventional name for a Chinese house of prostitution.

p. 129: "while a wife of a Chinese *merchant* is admitted"

– The Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882 expressly prohibited the immigration of Chinese laborers but made exceptions for merchants, diplomats, students, and tourists. Additionally, wives of merchants were allowed. See Sally Kitch, *The Specter of Sex: Gendered Foundations of Racial Formation in the United States* (Albany: SUNY Press, 2009), 198.

p. 132: "slave of the night" – On conditions faced by Chinese prostitutes, see Lucie Cheng, "Free, Indentured, and Enslaved: Chinese Prostitutes in 19th Century America," *Signs* 5 (1979): 3-29.

p. 132: "Turtle Duke" – Slang title for a pimp, spelled *gui gong* in pinyin. In the vernacular imagination, the head of a turtle is associated with the head of a penis.

p. 134: "Chinese Nationalist Party" – The Chinese Nationalist Party or Kuomintang was led by Chiang Kai-Shek. This character appears to be projecting his own ideology of racial purity onto the party, which had no such public stance.

p. 135: "American prohibition"—The constitutional prohibition of the production, transportation, and sale of alcoholic beverages lasted from 1919 until 1933.

p. 143: "steam-laundry" – White-owned, factory-like steam laundries rose in prominence in the 1920s until the 1940s, severely impacting hand laundries run by many

Chinese Americans. Electric washing-machine technology challenged these businesses beginning in the 1950s.

p. 144: "Oh, what good news: China fights Japs (Summer, 1937)." — In April 1937, the Chinese Communist Party and the Kuomintang temporarily put aside their differences to present a united front against Japanese aggression. In July 1937, Chinese and Japanese forces fought each other at the Marco Polo Bridge, a railroad crossing ten miles west of Beijing, initiating the Second Sino-Japanese War.

p. 144: "Kung Shih Fang" — The pinyin spelling is *gong si fang*.

p. 149: "Pai Keu" — This gambling game, known more commonly today as pai gow poker, now typically uses playing cards instead of Chinese dominoes and remains popular at casinos worldwide.

p. 158: "his fight to retain his citizenship status" — If Wong Wan-Lee is a paper son, then it is possible that his citizenship status would be challenged.

p. 160, 161: "*The Good Earth*—Horatio Alger!" "Pearl B" — Pearl Buck (1892-1973), who married the president of the John Day publishing firm, authored the enormously successful novel *The Good Earth* (1931), which portrayed the Chinese farming family of Wang Lung as having values promoted by the novelist Horatio Alger (1832-1899). Alger's books, such as *Ragged Dick* (1868), feature poor, patient, and virtuous heroes who, by dint of hard work and with not a little luck, rise to middle-class respectability.

p. 161: "the two Chinese laundry associations had stopped their quarrel" — For the history of Chinese laundry associations in New York, see Renqiu Yu, *To Save China, To Save Ourselves: The Chinese Hand Laundry Alliance of New York* (Philadelphia: Temple UP, 1992).

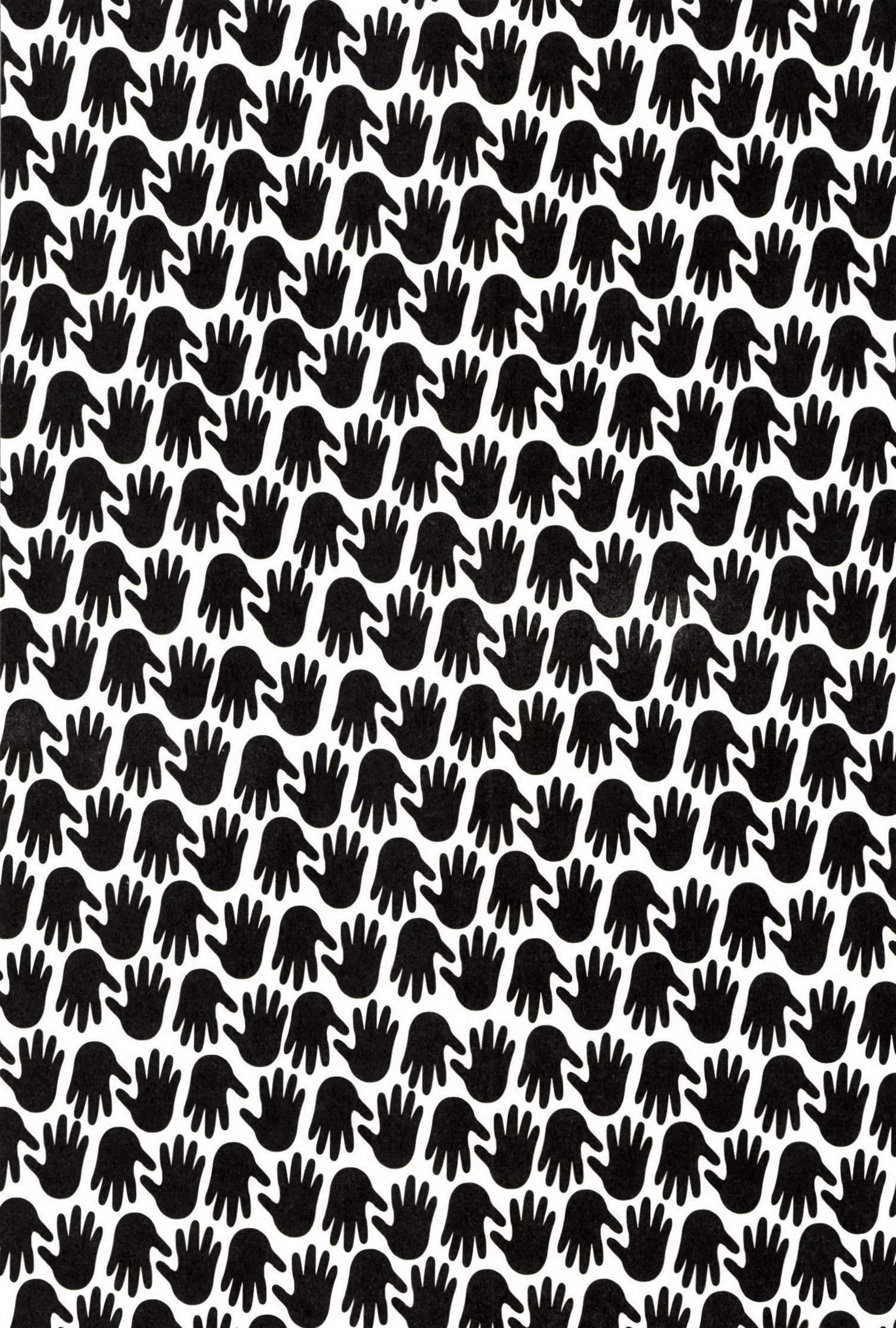
p. 161: "according to what he read in the Chinese paper" — In late 1937, the Kuomintang and the Communist Party of China called a truce. Additionally, the Kuomintang and the Soviet Union signed a Sino-Soviet Non-Aggression Pact. Finally, the U.S. government allowed British ships to transport arms to China (Ronald E. Powaski, *Toward an Entangling Alliance: American Isolationism, Internationalism, and Europe, 1901-1950* [New York: Greenwood Press, 1991], 72). The U.S. didn't sell warplanes to China until 1940, however.

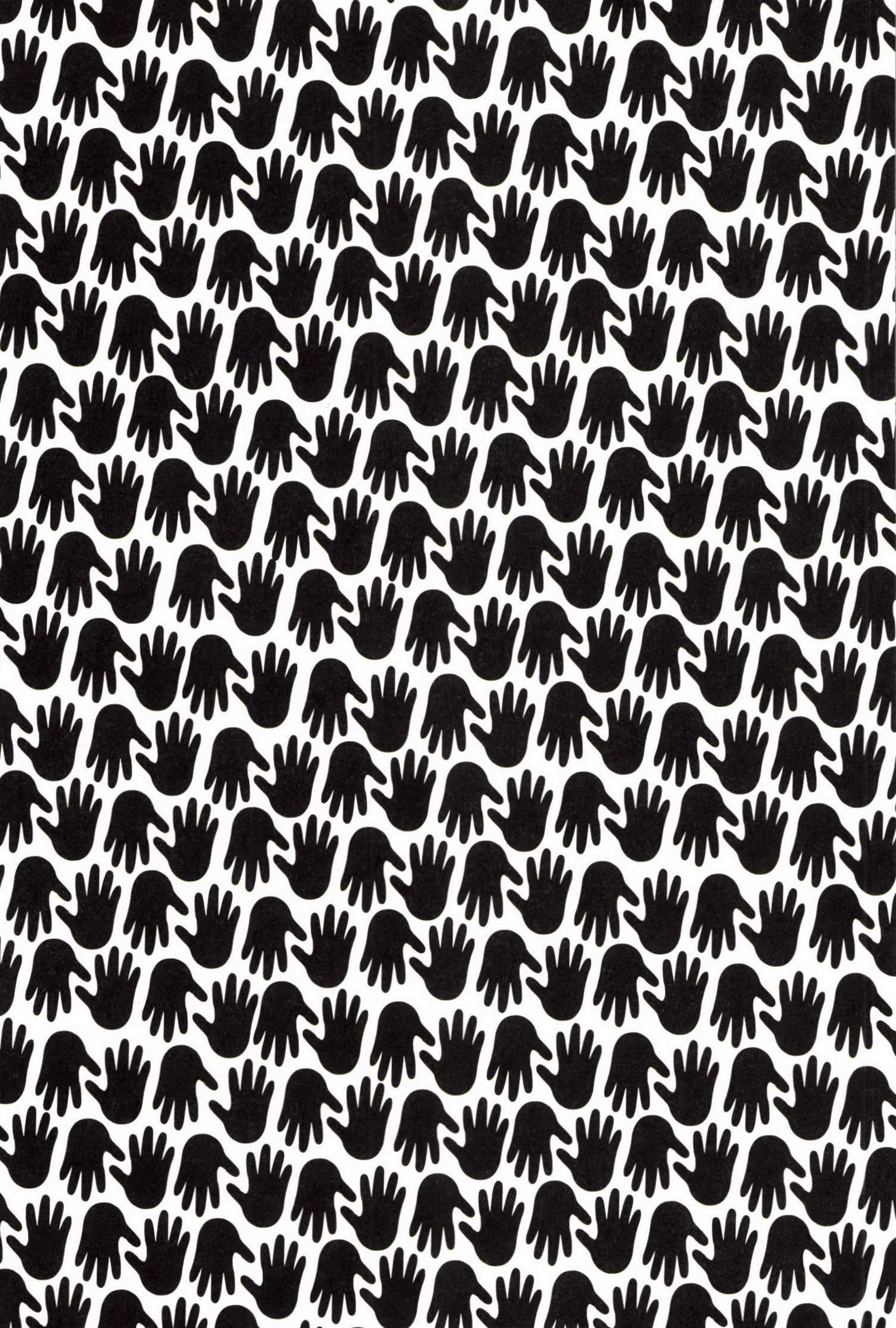
p. 165: "Party line" "Earl Browder" — Earl Browder (1891-1973), the leader of the Communist Party of the United States (CPUSA), shifted the party's rhetoric from one of Marxist revolution to one of progressive reform after 1936. With a more clean-cut image and a new party line called the Popular Front, the CPUSA attracted much broader public support.

p. 167: "picketed the Japanese Consulate" — On July 16, 1937, thirty members of the American Friends of the

Chinese People—including five members of Chinese descent—picketed the Japanese Consulate on 500 Fifth Avenue in New York ("Japanese Consulate Picketed by Chinese," *New York Times,* July 17, 1937). And on July 29, 1937, about 100 members of the New York State Communist Party picketed the consulate ("Reds Picket Japanese Consulate," *New York Times,* July 30, 1937). At neither protest was any violence reported.

p. 168: "Good-Neighbor Policy" — President Franklin Delano Roosevelt articulated the U.S. government's Good Neighbor Policy in 1933, promising to withdraw its occupying forces from Latin American countries and avoiding future military intervention.





Chronology

1899	The son of a grain store worker and a maid, H.T. Tsiang (Jiang Xizeng) is born on May 3rd in Qi'an, a village in the district of Nantong, Jiangsu Province in China.
1908	Tsiang's father dies.
1911	Chinese Revolution led by Sun Yat-Sen ends rule of Qing Dynasty; Kuomintang (Chinese Nationalist Party) established.
1912	Tsiang's mother dies.
1913	According to his sister, Tsiang could read English by this time. He attends the Tongzhou Teachers' School in Jiangsu on scholarship.
1915	Besides studying, Tsiang protests against the practice of female foot-binding and the Twenty-

One Demands issued by the Japanese government to the Chinese government on January 18. Many Chinese detested these demands that lands, resources, and rights be given over to Japan. Tsiang is arrested but freed thanks to his schoolmaster.

1917 The Bolshevik Revolution in Russia, led by Vladimir Lenin, inspires Tsiang. He is particularly taken with Lenin's idea of "world revolution," expressed in *Imperialism, the Highest Stage of Capitalism.*

1918 Sun Yat-Sen sends congratulations to Lenin.

1925 Tsiang earns a bachelor's degree in political economy at Southeastern University in Nanjing.

He works briefly as secretary to the secretary of Sun Yat-Sen before the latter dies of cancer in March. Chiang Kai-Shek takes over control of the Kuomintang and swings the party away from communism. Tsiang critiques this move and receives threats to his life. He faces "the executioner's axe at home."

1926 Tsiang fails to migrate to the Soviet Union and so enters the United States as a student, enrolling at Stanford University.

He works for a short time as associate editor for the Kuomintang organ *Young China*, then helps to found a bilingual periodical, *Chinese Guide in America*, which is critical of the Kuomintang, and which goes so far as to call Chiang Kai-Shek a "traitor."

1927 The May 1st issue of the *Chinese Guide in America* reports that a mob attacked Tsiang and others while they were distributing leaflets critical of the Chinese government.

1928 On February 26, Tsiang is arrested for planning a demonstration against Chow Loo, a Kuomintang official. The *Los Angeles Times* calls Tsiang, "the leader of the radicals."

Tsiang moves to New York and enrolls at Columbia University, where he takes courses in public law, economics, history, and literature.

1928 Self-publishes *Poems of the Chinese Revolution* after five of his poems are published in the *Daily Worker* and the *New Masses*. Upton

Sinclair writes, "What he has written is not perfect poetry, but it is the perfect voice of Young China, protesting against the lot of the underdog."

1930 Performs in the Broadway production of Sergei Tretiakov's play *Roar China*. Tsiang earns $50 a week for playing the character of the Second Boatman.

1931 Self-publishes *China Red*. Tsiang works as a dishwasher at the Howdy Club in Greenwich Village, where he is permitted to give a reading from his novel.

1933 Radiana Pazmor sings arrangements of Tsiang's poems "Chinaman, Laundryman" as well as "Sacco, Vanzetti" by Ruth Crawford Seeger at the Mellon Gallery in Philadelphia and Carnegie Hall in New York.

On May 21, Tsiang, along with 30 other poets, posts his poems in Washington Square in New York and discusses them with passersby.

1934 Pete Seeger sets Tsiang's poem "Lenin! Who's

That Guy" to music and includes it in the *Workers Song Book.*

1935 Self-publishes *The Hanging on Union Square.*

1937 Robert Speller publishes Tsiang's *And China Has Hands.*

On July 7, the Second Sino-Japanese War officially begins. China and Japan had been fighting intermittently since 1931.

Tsiang lectures on the question "Should the U.S. interfere in the Chinese-Japanese Conflict?" at the Thomas Paine Society on December 10.

1938 Self-publishes *China Marches On.* The play adapts the legend of Fa Mulan to tell the story of the dare-to-die military squad that valiantly defended its position in Shanghai against an overwhelming Japanese force in 1937.

On January 4, Tsiang speaks on "The Arts in China Today" for the Federal Theatre Project of the Works Progress Administration on radio station WQXR.

1939 Produces *China Marches On* and *The Hanging on Union Square* as plays at the Irving Plaza in New York.

Beginning in October, Tsiang is imprisoned at the Ellis Island detention center, ostensibly for failing to re-enroll at Columbia University and hence maintain his exemption status as a student. The American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born retains attorney Ira Gollobin to aid him.

1940 Tsiang is released from detention and granted a six-month reprieve.

1941 Imprisoned again at the Ellis Island detention center while awaiting deportation, Tsiang begins correspondence with Rockwell Kent, appealing for his help. While in detention, Tsiang composes poetry, some on toilet paper. He also writes President Franklin Roosevelt on May 30 to criticize arms sales to Japan. Through Kent's connections and the efforts of the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, Tsiang is released. In August, he visits Kent in Ausable Forks, New York. He enrolls on scholarship at the New School for Social Research to work with Erwin Piscator, innovator of the agit-prop play.

1942 Acts in a five-minute version of *China Marches On* and a forty-one-minute version of *The Hanging on Union Square* in Piscator's Dramatic Workshop.

1943 Acts in the film *Behind the Rising Sun.*

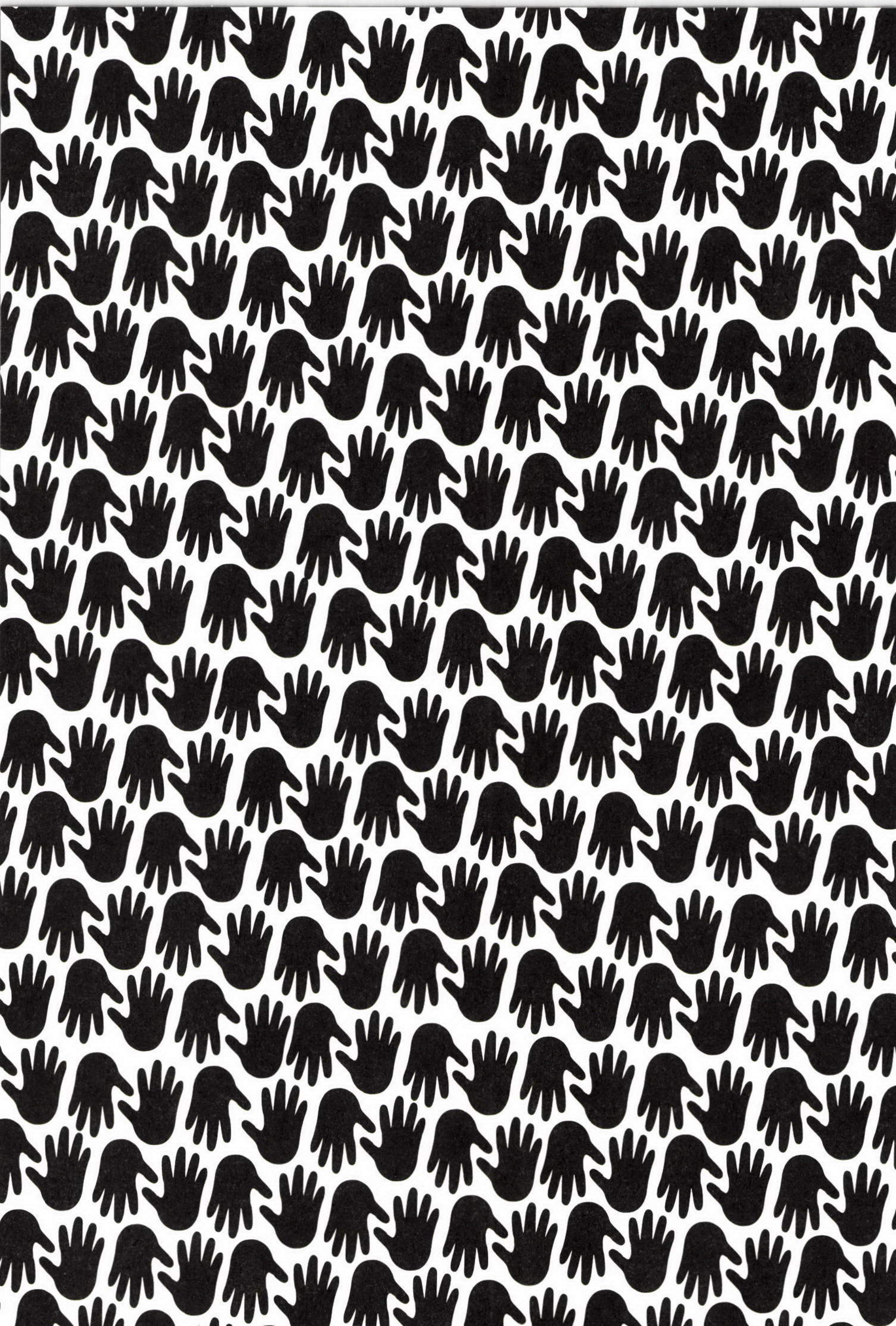
1944 Plays Mr. Nut in *The Hanging on Union Square* in Los Angeles.

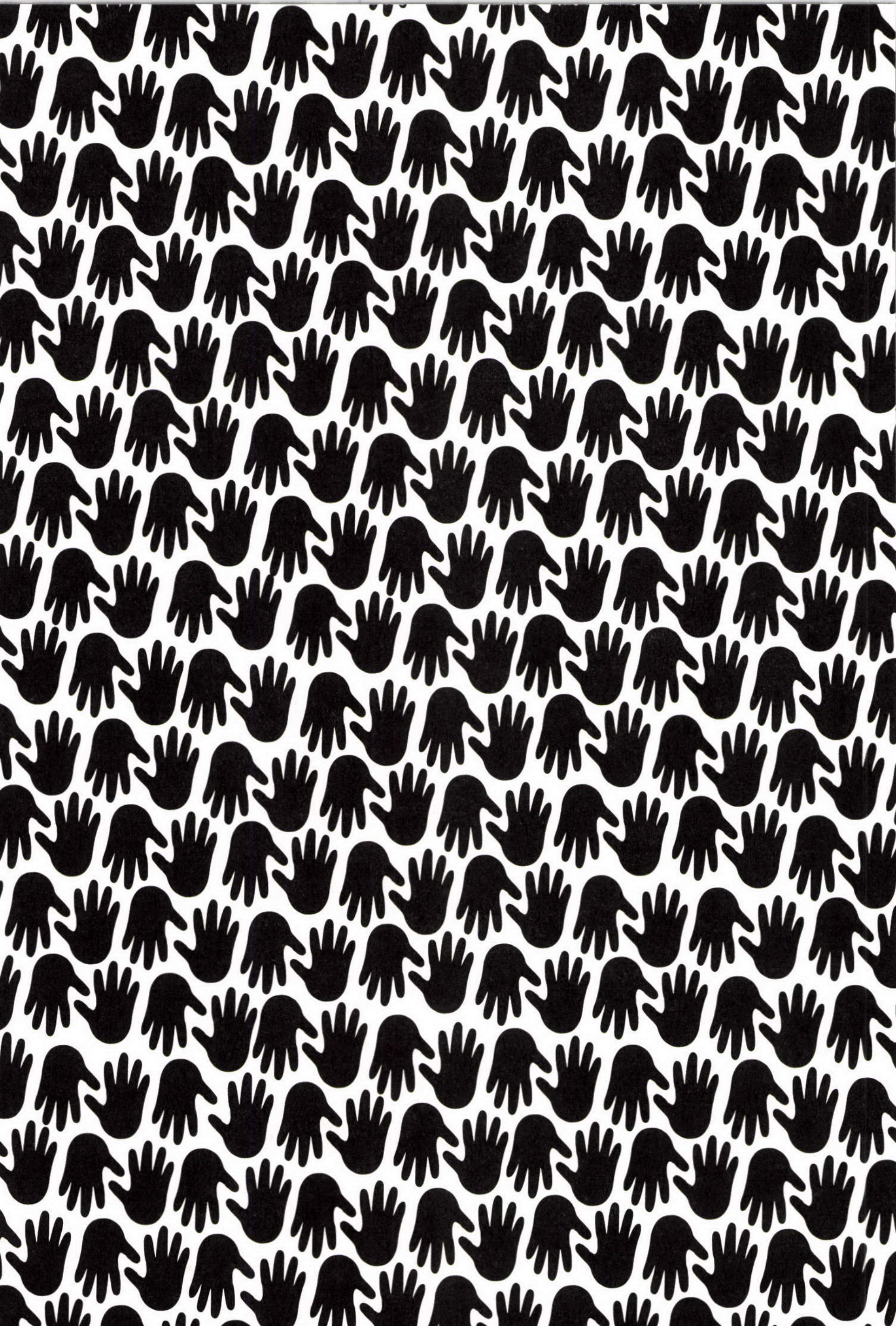
Also acts in films *The Purple Heart*, *The Keys of the Kingdom*, and *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo.*

1945 Produces *China Marches On* and *The Hanging on Union Square* with the Chinese American Theater at the California Labor School in San Francisco, working with actors Benson Fong, Keye Luke, Richard Loo, and James Wong Howe.

Also acts in films *China Sky* and *China's Little Devils.*

1946	Acts in films *Tokyo Rose* and *In Old Sacramento.*
1947	Acts in films *Black Gold*, *Singapore*, *Little Mister Jim*, and *The Beginning or the End*.
1948	Produces *The Hanging on Union Square* and *Canton Rickshaw* at the Rainbow-Etienne Studio in Hollywood.
	Also acts in the film *The Babe Ruth Story*.
1949	Acts in films *State Department: File 649* and *Chicken Every Sunday*.
1950s -1960s	Continues to act in films such as *Panic in the Streets* and *Oceans Eleven*, as well as television series such as *Gunsmoke*, *I Spy*, *My Three Sons*, and *Bonanza*.
	Variety reports that for twelve years, Tsiang performs a "one-hour, one-man performance of *Hamlet* at the Rainbow Theatre [in Hollywood] every Friday night."
1971	Dies in Los Angeles on July 16th.





Afterword:
The Political as Personal in H.T. Tsiang's "And China Has Hands"

by Floyd Cheung

When H.T. Tsiang arrived in the United States in 1926, already in his 20s, he came with a mission: to carry on the Chinese Revolution. A youth activist and low-level official in Sun Yat-Sen's revolutionary government, he initially intended to do so in the spirit of Sun Yat-Sen, who had long admired the theories of Karl Marx and had begun to work in conjunction with the Chinese Communists and the USSR in 1924. But with the death of Sun Yat-Sen and the rise of Chiang Kai-Shek's more conservative government, Tsiang himself left China—one step ahead of "the executioner's axe," as he put it—to escape being purged, eventually finding refuge in the United States under the student exemption of the Chinese Exclusion Act.[1]

Distant from his beloved homeland but determined to stay involved, Tsiang took up writing as his main mode of activism. He initially tried writing articles for and editing periodicals such as *The Chinese Guide to America.* He also wrote and distributed leaflets (an activity that led to him being arrested at least once), in addition to penning scores of letters to other writers, activists, and publishers—and even to the U.S. government. In an article published in 1927, the *Los Angeles Times* called Tsiang the "leader of the radicals."[2]

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[1] The Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882 prohibited the immigration of Chinese laborers but provided exemptions for students and merchants.

But Tsiang had avoided Chiang Kai-Shek's purge in China only to find the Bay Area full of Chiang supporters; Chinese Americans on the West Coast, especially those of the merchant class, had no interest in Tsiang's revolutionary message. Tsiang thus perceived Chinese Americans from both an insider's and an outsider's perspective, identifying with the plight of Chinese immigrants in a highly racist society while at the same time remaining witheringly critical of the oftentimes conservative attitudes of his fellow Chinese immigrants.

Perhaps more than any of his previous books, *And China Has Hands* is the work of a trickster—one who knowingly evokes and sometimes frustrates readers' expectations in order to get them to reflect on their own ideological assumptions. If Tsiang considered his books his "paper bullets," as one of his protagonists described them—capable of advancing revolution as surely as wellaimed ammunition[3]—it was because they allowed him to explore truth and its many facets. In other words, Tsiang expects to be misunderstood; his writings, with their vacillation between seeming naïvité, pathos, self-referential hijinks, and high political seriousness can be seen as his attempt to shake his readers free from unexamined, habitual ways of thinking. After all, as proved again and again by his own experiences—first as a Chinese immigrant to the United States and a highly committed activist, and subsequently as a naturally flamboyant showman consigned to minor roles—there's more to any person and personality than meets the eye. Perhaps the cover of his prior novel, *The Hanging on Union Square* (1935), says it best: "YES...the cover of a book / is more of a book / than the book is a book...I say—NO...SO."

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[2] "Chinese Meet Peacefully," *Los Angeles Times*, Feb. 27, 1928: A9. ProQuest Historical Newspapers.

As such, although *And China Has Hands* apparently conformed to expectations well enough to convince a conventional house, Robert Speller, to publish it, it is still a far from conventional work—something that becomes evident upon closer examination.[4] Take, for example, the dust jacket or "cover" of the original edition.

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[3] H. T. Tsiang, *China Red* (New York: self-published, 1931), 90.

[4] Based in New York, Speller published mostly novels from 1935 to 1938, before taking a hiatus until 1957. In addition to realistic fiction, murder mysteries, and adventure tales, Speller published two volumes of poetry (one imagining Abraham Lincoln in heaven), a book on ballet, and a biography of John L. Lewis, the leader of the United Mine Workers of America and founder of the Congress of Industrial Organizations.

The word "China" that appears so prominently in the novel's title—combined with the cover's stark red and yellow color scheme—seems designed to radiate authenticity to potential readers curious about this Far Eastern country. Its authorship by a recent Chinese émigré—underscored by the appearance of Tsiang's name in Chinese calligraphy—would undoubtedly have added to its appeal as well.

But there's just as much about the way the book is presented to give readers pause. The jacket copy, far from striking a serious note, seems oddly jaunty in comparison to the staidness of the cover design. It reads in part:

> About once in a Methuselah's lifetime there turns up a book which warrants the use of a shop-worn adjective—different. *And China Has Hands* is different—refreshingly so! It is quaint as its title. It is naïve as a sub-deb, sophisticated as a chorus girl...

The cover copy continues in a breathless style by promising shocks to come: "If Mr. Tsiang's artless habit of calling a spade by its given name is a trifle startling at times, we are confident the reader's amusement will compensate him for his sense of shock." Even this praise seems slightly backhanded, however—a characteristic that also pops up in what essentially seems to be a complete disavowal of editorial responsibility: "[The book] went to press as the author wrote it; not for worlds would we have changed a word or a line."

Most obviously unsettling, however, is the novel's title. Grammatically sound yet syntactically unconventional, *And China Has Hands* must have struck readers as an odd thing to call a book—odder still once they discovered that the novel is set in New York City rather than Cathay. Though *And China Has Hands* doesn't shy away from pitching itself as an entryway to the exotic—the jacket copy explicitly states that "Quite possibly you have been in the front part of the Chinese laundry; now, with this book, step past the counter and into another world beyond"—it's an exoticism that exists in the midst of everyday New York, not across the oceans.[5]

In any case: how can a country have hands?

Such upending of expectations is central to Tsiang's methodology. If *And China Has Hands* offers innocence and eccentricity—its "refreshingly" different nature—it also works, at the same time, on a more critical and purposeful level. It should come as no surprise, then, that, like Tsiang's previous novels, *And China Has Hands* demonstrates a heightened sensitivity to "double-consciousness," a term African American activist and scholar W. E. B. DuBois coined to describe the "peculiar sensation" that people of color experience as they try to cultivate their own sense of complex individuality within the context of dominant society's assumptions about their racialized identities.[6] DuBois wrote of an African American's desire "to husband and use his best powers" while also living with "this sense of always looking at one's self through the eyes of others."

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[5] Along similar lines, Tsiang's lost play entitled *Wedding at a Nudist Colony* enticed audience members in search of titillation in order to give them a one-man version of *Hamlet* that railed against not the rotten state of an imaginary Denmark but the rotten state of the contemporary world.

During his decade in the U.S., Tsiang grew acutely aware of the dissonance between how he himself understood his identity and purpose and how others perceived him. To negotiate with the expectations of others while also fulfilling his sense of himself as a revolutionary artist and activist, Tsiang wrote in a simultaneously direct and oblique mode. This is true with regards to all aspects of the book—from its subject matter to its form to its seemingly simplistic language. For example, even some of Tsiang's contemporary critics rightly understood that his "English was functional and surprisingly effective though not always 'correct.'"[7] Consider the way that the novel's protagonist, Wong Wan-Lee, describes a prostitute's bed as "not only disturbed…it must have been high-pressured." At once coy and vividly described, this observation combines matter-of-fact detail with a sly humor. (The idea of double entendres—literally, a doubling of what is heard—has a particularly poignant resonance in the context of a native Chinese speaker seeking to engage an English-speaking audience.) But behind this knowing wink lies yet another implication, one that only those familiar with Chinese immigrant life could understand—i.e. that the prevalence of prostitutes in Chinese immigrant communities was due in no small part to immigration restrictions upon Chinese women, which in turn had been deliberately designed to prevent the formation of Chinese American communities.[8]

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[6] W. E. B. DuBois, *Souls of Black Folk* (1903; New York: Oxford UP, 2007, ed. Brent Hayes Edwards), 8.

[7] Pierre Ferrand, *A Question of Allegiance* (Tampa: American Studies Press, 1990), 75; and letter from Ferrand to the editor, September 10, 2002.

No surprise then that Tsiang, ever conscious of the tension between an audience's desire for invitation and his own aims for revolution, also delighted in breaking rules of narrative structure. In some ways, his novel seems to meet various generic expectations. Like a typical success-story narrative, *And China Has Hands* follows two protagonists: recent immigrant Wong Wan-Lee on his quest to make "ten thousand fortunes" and recent New York transplant, Pearl Chang, as she dreams of becoming a famous movie star.

Like a work of psychological realism, the novel provides glimpses of how these characters view the world, not in any objective sense, but rather as refracted through the ideological and idiosyncratic lenses of their minds. Like a finely observed ethnography, the novel invites us into the back rooms of Wan-Lee's laundry and notices details of his work routine and cooking techniques. Like a romantic comedy, the novel gives us a meet-cute scene and takes us with the awkward couple on a date. It also shows us a falling out between the two and encourages us to root for them to get back together. And, like a proletarian novel, *And China Has Hands* critiques how capitalism constrains its protagonists' life choices.

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[8] The Page Law of 1875 specifically targeted Chinese women. See *The Columbia Documentary History of the Asian American Experience*, ed. Franklin Odo (New York: Columbia UP, 2002), 38-40.

Yet even as Tsiang evokes all of these generic conventions, he simultaneously frustrates them: the ethnographic journeys to Chinatown do not reveal tong wars or hatchet men (though both are invoked in passing); the romance between Wan-Lee and Pearl never really blossoms; and neither succeeds in overcoming the challenges arrayed against them or fulfilling their ambitions.

Such outcomes led to disappointed reactions among some contemporary readers. Chengting Wang, a Chinese diplomat at the time, complained that the novel "ends with the hero and heroine apparently accomplishing nothing in their lives."[9] But this frustration with the novel's protagonists "accomplishing nothing" simultaneously points to the degree to which Tsiang has succeeded at creating vivid, relatable characters. We can understand Wan-Lee's desire to flaunt his wealth in the restaurant where he once worked as a waiter. Likewise, we can understand Pearl's desire to find a world in which she is appreciated and sought after instead of devalued. Tsiang's skill at psychological realism makes it possible for readers to identify with his characters' emotions even as our hopes for a happy ending for them are shot down. We feel for these characters as they endure loss and failure. Their false consciousness comes to stand in for our own.

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[9] Letter from Chengting T. Wang to Robert Speller, Nov. 1937. Rockwell Kent Papers.

One strength of *And China Has Hands* thus lies in its ability to dramatize the emotional difficulty of Wan-Lee and Pearl's shift from idealism—i.e. their belief that they can "make it" in accordance with the American Dream—to a real reckoning with the hard facts of their severely circumscribed realities.

As he begins his life in the U.S., Wan-Lee believes that his individual investment will lead to personal profit. But a closer look at Wan-Lee's early interpretive strategies reveals some serious flaws in his logic. For example, while smoking and contemplating his inability to express his feelings for Pearl, Wan-Lee remembers a Chinese story in which one schoolmate silently yearns for another, but because he fails to speak, she is instead wooed away by a successful stranger. Despite the clear parallels between himself and the unsuccessful, inarticulate male, Wan-Lee willfully chooses to ignore the clear lesson of the story in favor of a rosier interpretation that validates his own choices: "Had Wong Wan-Lee not come to America he would not have met Pearl Chang and it was God's will that a match be made between strangers." As a result, he continues to remain silent about his feelings, a stance that ultimately leads to further miscommunication and alienation between the two. This insistent self-delusion is apparent also in Wan-Lee's self-congratulatory assessment of how adept he is at dealing with customers who fail to pay their bills and then begin to avoid him entirely: "His Excellency, Wong Wan-Lee, the Chinese ambassador, was happy; for he thought that he might have gained a friend for China, though he had lost a friend of his own."

Similarly, Pearl's fantasies of movie stardom can only exist to the extent to which she remains blind to the larger socio-political and economic forces that have shaped her and the world around her. Historian James Loewen produced the classic study of Pearl Chang's real-life analogues in his book *The Mississippi Chinese: Between Black and White* (1972).[10] After the Civil War, some Southern plantation owners sought white sharecroppers to replace slave labor, but not many answered the call. Consequently, planters turned to Chinese American workers, a number of whom had recently completed building the transcontinental railroad in 1869 and who, especially in the Pacific Northwest and in California, faced "The Driving Out"—a violent movement designed to eliminate Chinese labor competition. As the editor of the *Vicksburg Times* writes: "Emancipation has spoiled the negro, and carried him away from fields of agriculture. Our prosperity depends entirely upon the recovery of lost ground, and we therefore say let the Coolies come, and we will take the chance of Christianizing them."[11]

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[10] James Loewen, *Mississippi Chinese* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1972). For a more recent, Asian Americanist study, see Moon-ho Jung, *Coolies and Cane: Race, Labor, and Sugar in the Age of Emancipation* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 2008).

At first, Loewen explains, Chinese Americans socialized primarily with the Black population; about 20-30% of these men, like Pearl's fictional father, married Black women, while the rest presumably remained unmarried or faithful to their wives in China.[12] Also like Pearl's father, a number of migrants changed careers from sharecropping to shopkeeping as a way to move up the economic ladder. As some of these Chinese Americans improved their class status, they also began to move up the racially inflected social hierarchy of the U.S. South—albeit gradually and unevenly.

Pearl Chang's migration to New York City thus has a historical as well as socio-economic context, as does her encounter with Wan-Lee. But, as she eventually realizes, she's stuck between two identities: she cannot pass as either a version of the unnamed white movie star whose portrait she carries, or as "pure" Chinese. Beyond that, the Motion Picture Production Code's explicit prohibition of representations of "miscegenation" or race mixing meant that as a racially ambiguous woman, she was explicitly forbidden from the mainstream entertainment industry of the day.

It's extremely likely that by the time Pearl came of age she would have already internalized the dominant view that her Black heritage was less worthy than her Chinese heritage. Very few Chinese Americans chose to socialize with Blacks, and it had become common for biracial children to "pass as 'pure' Chinese," even if this meant removing themselves from communities in which their ancestry was known.[13] Moreover, having grown up in the U.S. South, Pearl would have had few opportunities to learn about her Chinese roots. Hence, her attraction to Wan-Lee, whom she imagines to be a "Chinese prince," assigning to him the role of a highly romanticized native informant and a valuable resource for her in her quest to develop a more worthy sense of herself.

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[11] Loewen, 22.

[12] Loewen, 135.

In the end, of course, both Pearl and Wan-Lee find worth not in cultural but rather class identity. Thus, even after falling out of touch with one another as friends, they are thrown back together as low-wage workers in a cafeteria—Pearl because she couldn't pass muster as a Chinese waitress at a Chinese restaurant, and Wan-Lee because he falls prey to a money lender. By the end of their respective journeys, both Wan-Lee and Pearl have a clearer-eyed vision of their political and economic realities—one that necessitates looking beyond their own personal hopes and needs to advocate for other causes.

It also includes a nascent recognition of what can be achieved by banding together instead of struggling alone. So, even after Wan-Lee loses his business, he rejoices in the fact that a new Chinese laundry association means that "the other Chinese laundrymen from now on would be protected…and would not be mistreated by the corrupt politicians and greedy loan sharks, as he had been."

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[13] Loewen, 138.

The real-life Chinese Hand Laundry Alliance (CHLA) was initially formed to fight discriminatory measures that were backed by the emerging, mostly white-owned, machine laundry industry; but by the late 1930s, as the situation in China deteriorated, members also organized to protect China from Japanese imperialism. Under the motto "To Save China, To Save Ourselves," the CHLA sent aid in the form of ambulances to care for the wounded; lobbied the U.S. government to assist China in the Second Sino-Japanese War; and worked to get Americans in general to care about events half a world away. By working to improve the stature and security of their country of origin, members of the CHLA hoped to improve their position and treatment in the U.S.[14] These were, however, ambitious goals. After all, regarding the plight of China, one contemporary headline read, "We Sympathize. But It Is Not Our Concern."[15]

Passages throughout Tsiang's novel signal that the Second Sino-Japanese War is likewise on Wan-Lee's mind. In Chapter Two, he reads "special news from China, and it was all bad news (Winter, 1936)." In Chapter Four, a Chinese American overcoat salesman explains that he wishes he had learned Japanese instead of Russian. By the time the salesman pays a return visit to Wan-Lee's laundry in Chapter Nine, he's "finished his Ph.D. thesis—'How to Sell China More Profitably'—and… also made great progress in studying Japanese." He has also become a loan shark, further underscoring the book's connection between capitalism and imperialism. Through such characters, the novel represents these systems as mutually reinforcing and damaging to the lives of the masses. By Chapter Thirteen, a few months have passed, and the situation in China has evolved: "Oh, what good news: China fights Japs (Summer, 1937)."[16] During the entire course of the novel, then, even as Wan-Lee pursues business success and romance with Pearl, he also cares deeply about Chinese resistance to Japan.[17]

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[14] Renqiu Yu, *To Save China, To Save Ourselves: The Chinese Hand Laundry Alliance of New York* (Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 1992), 82.

[15] Yu, 81.

By the end of the book, Wan-Lee joins forces with Pearl not in matrimony but in collective action, participating in a strike against an exploitative cafeteria owner as well as a mass demonstration against the Japanese invasion of China. *And China Has Hands* concludes with Wan-Lee bleeding from a gunshot wound as he delivers a proletarian, anti-imperial call during which he first confirms his abandonment of false consciousness—"*I have no ten thousand fortunes*"—and then declares allegiance to country instead of capital—"*But I'll have China!*" He proceeds to rally his compatriots:

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[16] While Chinese communists and nationalists had been at odds in 1936, they had decided to form a united front by 1937.

[17] Capitalism and imperialism are connected, of course. See Julia H. Lee "The Capitalist and Imperialist Critique in H.T. Tsiang's *And China Has Hands*," *Recovered Legacies: Authority and Identity in Early Asian American Literature*, ed. Floyd Cheung and Keith Lawrence (Philadelphia: Temple UP, 2005), 80-97.

Up, China now stands,
And China Has Hands—

Eight
Hundred
Million
Hands!

Here at last is the beginning of an answer to the puzzle of the novel's title. Author and advertising executive Carl Crow famously called China the land of four hundred million customers, but Wan-Lee replaces that interpellation of his fellow Chinese with an emphasis on their eight hundred million hands—that is, on their identity as capable actors instead of passive consumers.[18]

This attention to numbers recalls the math performed in the novel's opening dedication:

> To the Death of the Japanese Empire whose soldiers are much superior in the art of killing, casualties in the first four weeks of the undeclared Shanghai war, reported to be ten thousand [Japanese] as

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[18] Crow's book *400 Million Customers* won a prize for Most Original Book of 1937.

> against twenty thousand Chinese, by which rate of killing (with their eyes closed to the fact that there might be a revolt of their masses and international conflict with the other Powers, and so forth), when one hundred and twenty million Chinese—little more than one-fourth of the Chinese population—should be killed, there would be sixty million Japanese—the whole Japanese population—killed, and thus no more Japanese Empire remaining.

While this dedication might sound bloodthirsty on the surface, Tsiang's cold focus on math could also be said to underscore his sarcastic insistence on the futility and cost of war. Readers should note, too, that the dedication literally calls for the death of the Japanese Empire—the governmental embodiment of war and militarization and conquest—not the Japanese people. It is "their *masses*" (emphasis added) that might revolt, the dedication maintains. Just as the empire remains blind to the costs of war, it remains blind to the needs, wants, and humanity of its own people—people with agency and hands, who, like other laborers around the world, can hold picket signs as well as weapons.

The mathematical, materialist reasoning used in the dedication is echoed throughout the novel, most obviously in the accounting that Wan-Lee performs whenever he makes a decision about spending, saving, or gambling. Recall, for instance, his calculations about how much it cost him to emigrate to the United States; how much he paid for his laundry business; and how many shirts he would have to iron in order to pay for a new overcoat. If we follow Wan-Lee's calculations to their inevitable conclusion, we quickly realize that he cannot make enough money to return to China, much less support a family or even stay afloat in America. We realize, too, that it doesn't make economic sense for Wan-Lee to buy a $40 overcoat when he already has a serviceable albeit older one. At first, Wan-Lee understands this: "At ten cents a shirt, he would have to iron four hundred shirts to pay for the overcoat. Three cents for a pair of socks would mean washing a thousand, three hundred and thirty-three pairs of socks! And what a smell all those socks would make."

But the shrewd overcoat salesman appeals ultimately not to Wan-Lee's sense of reason but to his desire. He tempts him by saying, "If you happened to have a girl friend...you might need a nice overcoat. It would help a great deal." Capitalism works by activating Wan-Lee's irrational, however human, desires. And by depicting Wan-Lee's thought processes in this way, Tsiang gives readers the opportunity to recognize our own oftentimes irrational complicity in the workings of capitalist exploitation.

The constraints and calculations undertaken by Wong Wan-Lee and invoked in the dedication also point to the material fact of the Chinese people—the irreducible presence and reality of them and their lives, which can't be undermined or hoped away. In the abstract, Japan should be able to win because of its superior firepower; but, at least according to Tsiang's logic, China cannot be beaten—not just because of the vastly superior numbers of Chinese, but because every single Chinese person is more than just a simple statistic. Even if Japan has more firepower—or "arms," to use a pun that's made by a photo on the back cover of the novel's dust jacket—China has more hands.

People are, of course, more than just "hands." The synecdoche does not capture the full reality of the Chinese people. After all, they have elbows, feet, hearts, minds, desires, families, and so on, as well as hands. Given the way that many Americans during the early part of the twentieth century diminished Chinese immigrants with terms like "unassimilable alien" and "yellow peril," such a corrective was certainly necessary. Laws at the time did not consider Chinese immigrants eligible for naturalized citizenship, and advocates for Chinese exclusion saw them not as humans but as automatons at best and insects bent on devouring the breadbasket of the United States at worst.[19]

In Tsiang's view, by multiplying the stories of Wong Wan-Lee and Pearl Chang by hundreds of millions, victory against oppression becomes inevitable—a Marxist vision indeed, and one that Tsiang undoubtedly studied as a political economy major at Southeast University in Nanjing and further developed during his work with Sun Yat-Sen.[20]

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[19] See Samuel Gompers and Herman Gutstadt, *Meat Vs. Rice: American Manhood against Asiatic Coolieism: Which Shall Survive?* (1902; San Francisco: Asiatic Exclusion League, 1908), and the political cartoon "Uncle Sam's Farm in Danger" in *Wasp* 2 (Aug. 1877-Jul. 1878), whose caption reads, "Seventy Millions of People Are Starving in the Northern Provinces of China. All Who Can Do So Are Making Preparations to Come to the United States. Look Out for the Grasshoppers, Uncle Sam!"

If Wan-Lee and Pearl are not immune to the socioeconomic, political, and cultural forces that buffet them, neither were Tsiang or his novel. By the time *And China Has Hands* was written, it would have been difficult for Tsiang to be under any lasting illusion about how he was viewed by his fellow leftists, his fellow Chinese immigrants, his fellow writers. He had gained some notoriety writing poems about the Chinese Revolution, and had worked also as a minor character for the landmark agit-prop play *Roar China*. But, at least compared with other writers of the time, his own creative output—his efforts at asserting his own subject-hood—were treated as little more than curiosities.

In particular, Tsiang resented that another writer, Pearl S. Buck, achieved with her novel *The Good Earth* (1931) all that he had not. Published by John Day Company, a major New York house, this realistic novel about China was the best-selling book in the United States in 1931 and 1932. Mainstream readers praised *The Good Earth* for making the Chinese relatable via the character of Wang Lung, a humble farmer who eventually becomes a successful land-owner. It won the Pulitzer Prize in 1932 and the William Dean Howells Medal for Distinguished Fiction in 1935.

Tsiang, however, found the politics of the book reprehensible. Most pointedly, he took issue with Buck's mapping of the American Dream onto a Chinese context. According to this interpretation, Pearl Buck's novel imagines a world in which an individual can rise from rags to riches in spite of the oppressive forces that surround him—with a little deus ex machina luck à la Horatio Alger. *The Good Earth's* protagonist, Wang Lung, normally works as a farmer, but on account of a drought, finds himself in a city barely scraping together a living as a rickshaw driver. One day, a nameless army (Chiang Kai-Shek's Nationalists? Communist rebels? A warlord's militia?) comes to town and begins conscripting men off the street. "Then Wang perceived suddenly out of his astonishment," Buck's narrator reports, "that all these men seized were as ignorant as he as to why they were thus being taken."[21]

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[20] See Arif Dirlik, *Marxism in the Chinese Revolution* (Lanham: Rowman, 2005), part 1.

This lack of understanding is telling. As another man who meets Wang says, "it is but another war somewhere. Who knows what all this fighting to and fro is about?" Buck implies a disconnection between individual lives and ideological forces. Wang must survive for his own sake. That is all. And the novel, conveniently enough, provides him with the means to do so. During a riot, Wang is swept up in a crowd that seeks to loot a wealthy neighborhood. He finds himself facing a rich man who bribes him to let him go. This money enables Wang to buy land and "good seed...celery and lotus for his pond and great red radishes that are stewed with pork for a feast dish and small red fragrant beans."[22] This luscious description reinforces the sense of pleasure readers are meant to take in witnessing Wang's success. Through hard work as a rickshaw driver and luck during the riot, he becomes a wealthy land-owner regardless of the armies and politics that swirl about him.

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[21] Pearl S. Buck, *The Good Earth* (New York: John Day, 1931), 132.

Tsiang's protagonists in *And China Has Hands* are not so fortunate or ultimately so self-centered. As Tsiang's narrator laments, "Poor Wong Wan-Lee, who had made no ten thousand fortunes, was a failure; but his cousin Wang Lung had made a million and had become the hero of The Good Earth—Horatio Alger! Poor Pearl C, who had become no star, was a failure; but her cousin Pearl B, had married her boss, a publisher."[23]

What Tsiang himself lacked in public acclaim or attention, however, he made up for in sheer, convention-busting audaciousness. If his conditions and circumstances—as a Chinese immigrant instead of a privileged observer of Chinese life, as an outsider without access to the halls of publishing power—consigned him to a certain degree of obscurity, he was not about to compromise his political convictions or sense of self merely to advance himself. He would, instead, innovate on his own terms.

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[22] Buck, 144.

[23] Pearl Buck divorced her first husband and married her publisher, Richard Walsh, in 1935.

So, in a move that disrupts the realistic veneer of *And China Has Hands*, Tsiang includes a version of himself as a side character that pops up several times throughout the novel. Far from mere self-deprecation for the sake of humor or modesty, these appearances within his own novel enact Tsiang's critical self-awareness, giving him an opportunity to express both the criticisms made of him and his response to those criticisms. For example, Tsiang knew that he did not seem respectable in the eyes of more conservative Chinese Americans. So when Wong Wan-Lee asks his cousin about a person he's met (i.e. Tsiang's fictional alter-ego), he is told in no uncertain terms that: "[H]is appearance certainly spoiled the reputation of the Chinese. He was a bum!"

Tsiang's creation of this fictional stand-in also allows him to make an argument for his authenticity as a proletarian (the Tsiang-like character demonstrates his willingness to perform manual labor such as washing a batch of smelly socks in return for Wong Wan-Lee's hospitality) and to explain how, despite the lack of a "respectable publisher" for his earlier books, he is a legitimate writer (despite negative reviews from "the fakers here in America," a novel by Tsiang's alter-ego, called, like Tsiang's own first self-published novel, *China Red,* "has been endorsed in the Soviet Union as 'a valuable miniature of a great movement and the voice of a new China approaching.'")

Tsiang's alter-ego reappears one final time during the cafeteria strike that sets the stage for the novel's climax. Tsiang writes: "The author of *Poems of the Chinese Revolution, China Red*, and *The Hanging on Union*

Square also participated [in the strike], for he thought that since he had written so much about revolution, he had better do something about it. And picketing is a revolution in a small way."

It's hard to know what exactly Tsiang is trying to achieve here. Is calling the reader's attention to the fictional version of himself also a way of calling attention to the revolutionary cause in which Tsiang the writer still believed? Or do these self-referential hijinks represent Tsiang's inability to talk or write about anything but himself? In keeping with Tsiang's trickster methods, these are questions that he himself brings up. Of the appearance of his alter-ego, Tsiang writes:

> By now, our author [by which Tsiang means the person who is standing in for him in the novel] had secured a publisher for his fourth book, and the publisher was taking a deep interest in observing the moves of his writer—hoping the author would get his head clubbed so his picture would appear in the papers and, by-productingly, his books be mentioned.

This is a classic Tsiang move—a dizzying display of shameless self-promotion in pursuit of high-minded political seriousness. Or is it political seriousness parading as self-promotion? Because if politics becomes a kind of promotion, it could also be argued that promotion becomes itself a kind of politics: Tsiang's performance of the personal as political and vice versa.

After all, the more books Tsiang could sell, the more widely he'd be able to spread his political message. (And if the cover of *The Hanging on Union Square* is to be believed—and since the cover of a book is more of a book than a book is a book, perhaps it shouldn't be—he successfully hand sold more than 10,000 copies of that novel alone. In *And China Has Hands*, Tsiang's alter-ego brags to Pearl Chang that he's sold and distributed 16,000 copies of his works.) Or, to use Tsiang's own words (as channeled through his alter-ego): "No sales of these books meant no future books."

Here is Tsiang, writing about a character much like himself—i.e. the author of three self-published books, two novels, and a collection of poetry, all of which have the same titles as Tsiang's own published works—who, in this novel at least, has decided to venture onto the streets in support of a strike by cafeteria workers at a place where Tsiang the writer had himself once been thrown out (a setting that, incidentally, echoes the opening scene of *The Hanging on Union Square*). Moreover, this stand-in for Tsiang, having at last found a publisher (as indeed Tsiang the writer himself had) and thus (in both cases) no longer being required to self-publish, quite openly acknowledges the potential for promotion in his political activism.

Whether all this is a sly critique by Tsiang of the pragmatic considerations that inevitably creep into the business of even the most progressive publishing ventures, or merely a straightforward depiction of the mindset of Tsiang's actual publisher for this book, Robert Speller, or a reflection of Tsiang's own way of thinking about his books, is hard to say. But it's a remarkably confounding display of all of these possibilities.

One thing is for certain, though: by writing himself into his own novel, Tsiang is able to make visible the contradictions implicit within double-consciousness—i.e. to show, or at least hint at, the multiple valences of meaning and signification that make up the complex reality of a person who hopes to make themselves understood in a society that prefers to view them in the most simplistic terms. That is to say, even when Tsiang expects to be misunderstood, he refuses to disappear.

H.T. Tsiang, like his characters, sometimes seems like a man living at the wrong historical moment. He wrote about the inherent double-consciousness of the Asian American experience before the category of Asian American was invented. He depicted a half-Black, half-Chinese character before the rise of multiracial consciousness or mixed-race studies. He performed the role of a trickster critic during a time when audiences wanted a native informant. He railed against Chiang Kai-Shek at the very moment that Chiang was being named *Time Magazine*'s "person of the year." In addition, he endured Chinese exclusion, the Great Depression, World War II, and the McCarthy era. In short, Tsiang sailed against the wind and tides during his time in the U.S.

Given his propensity for confounding expectations, categories, and standards, it's not surprising that Tsiang's methods sometimes drew criticism, even from one-time supporters. Artist-activist Rockwell Kent once wrote to him: "Realize that in these terrific times, when all worthwhile people are devoting all of their energies to the advancement of causes for the common good, you, H.T. Tsiang, are doing nothing beyond trying to enlist people in the defense and promotion of H.T. Tsiang."[24]

But Kent seems to have completely missed the point. For a Chinese American at the time, defending and promoting H.T. Tsiang was a worthwhile aim—something Kent, as a much lauded white man, would probably have had difficulty comprehending. Consider that Kent has a whole archive of letters preserved at the Smithsonian Institution, whereas it is only through this archive that Tsiang's correspondence has been collected at all. In other words, avoiding disappearance was no easy thing, especially for a radically unorthodox Chinese American writer.

Tellingly, Tsiang's books—the products of his unique political and artistic impulses—have probably been encountered by fewer people than have viewed the various appearances he made in movies such as *Ocean's Eleven* (where he played a houseboy) or on TV shows such as *Bonanza* and *My Three Sons*. But even when Tsiang is seen in his various on-screen performances, the person that Tsiang was—his intelligence, politics, personality—remains invisible; all that registers on screen is an often silent cipher. The full and rich complexity of Tsiang's personal life and experiences, all of his political struggles and idealism, disappear behind his often wordless portrayal of what others thought him to be (servant, queue-wearing punchline, etc.).

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[24] Letter from Rockwell Kent to H.T. Tsiang, 25 Oct. 1941. Rockwell Kent Papers.

On the other hand, the books Tsiang wrote attest to his existence in ways that, now revived in Kaya Press's reprints, persist beyond the moments he left on film. From its title onwards, *And China Has Hands* insists that even those who are not typically paid attention to have fully realized lives and experiences and stories that deserve to be told. Eccentric and "refreshingly" different as his books may be—"naïve as a sub-deb, sophisticated as a chorus girl!"—to underestimate Tsiang is not unlike underestimating Mr. Nut, the protagonist of *The Hanging on Union Square,* whom Tsiang himself sometimes played in a staged version of his book. In that novel, the narrator explains, "Nut was acting nuttily. His eyes, however, were expressing deep thoughtfulness. He was acting nuttily as a soldier off for war. But he was thoughtful as a soldier when he turns his gun."

And China Has Hands represents the remaining material traces that we have of an intellect that was unlike any other in Chinese American history—not in its experiences or its abilities, but in its unwillingness to shift, change, or compromise to fit someone else's vision.

Reprinted here nearly eight decades after its initial publication, Tsiang's *And China Has Hands* is indelible testament to one Chinese American's persistent refusal, despite all of the forces arrayed against him, to vanish quietly and without a trace. Even today, that is in itself a kind of revolution.

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City of Los Angeles

WE ARE TELLING THE READERS ABOUT THE AUTHOR OF "AND CHINA HAS HANDS" BY PRINTING THIS LETTER:

(original dust jacket copy)

I was born in a small hut at Chi-An Village, Nantung District, in the Province of Kiangsu in which Shanghai, the main Chinese seaport, and Nanking, the national capital, are situated.

My father died when I was nine, and my mother passed on when I was thirteen.

By passing competitive examinations which secured me various scholarships, I was enabled to graduate from grammar school, middle school and the university.

While I was in the university, I worked one year as student secretary of the Nanking Y.M.C.A., and after I obtained my B.A. in 1925, I worked as secretary to the secretary of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen. Later I was elected as an alternate in the Central Executive Committee of the Right Wing Kou-Ming-Tang (The Chinese Nationalist Party). Because of my Right Wing affiliation, I was ordered to be arrested by the Nationalist Government of Canton which was then Left Wing. I left for America.

While pursuing my post-graduate work in America, I worked as the associate editor of the Chinese Nationalist daily, "Young China," which was a Right Wing newspaper.

As time passed, those Nationalists who were the "Haves" shifted from Left to Right; and I who was one of the "Have-Nots," was swayed in my sympathies from Right to Left.

In expressing my Left convictions, I edited and published a Chinese and English weekly, "The Chinese Guide in America." Because the paper was a Left publication, the Nationalist Government at Nanking, now turned Right, again issued an order for my arrest, and this also caused the American Immigration Office to order my deportation.

Due to the efforts of the International Labor Defense and of the American Civil Liberties Union, the case went to the courts, and I finally won the right to remain and continue my studies.

In the Spring of 1928, I came to New York City. Here, besides attending to my school work, I have written and published three books.

I am now in The New School for Social Research. So long as I continue in a school which sends reports to the Immigration Office semi-annually, I am privileged to remain in America and enjoy the hospitality of Mr. Strunsky in Greenwich Village.

I do smoke—a tobacco pipe, I do drink, and I indulge in horseback-riding when I can afford it.

I wish you success in making the book, "And China Has Hands," a best seller, and hope you will remain a friend of China forever.

— H.T. Tsiang

P.S. As to your request for my photograph, I am sending you, instead, a picture of one of China's "Women of Valor," which I have just cut out from "The New York Times." Please print it at the back of the book jacket, and I am sure it will be more useful to show not only that China has hands, but (however limited) that China also has arms.

Edited and with an Afterword by FLOYD CHEUNG

[A] ONE-MAN WAR AGAINST CONVENTION, THE MELTING POT & AN INHOSPITABLE PUBLISHING WORLD. THAT TSIANG REMAINS A LONG-FORGOTTEN & SINGULAR ODDBALL SPEAKS TO OUR LACK OF IMAGINATION NOT HIS.

— **HUA HSU**

author of A FLOATING CHINAMAN: FANTASY AND FAILURE ACROSS THE PACIFIC

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